PAUL RAYMOND'S

Club INTERNATIONAL

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AGGRO CHIC-IS THE WAR OF THE SEXES OVER?

SEX AND THE SMALLER MAN

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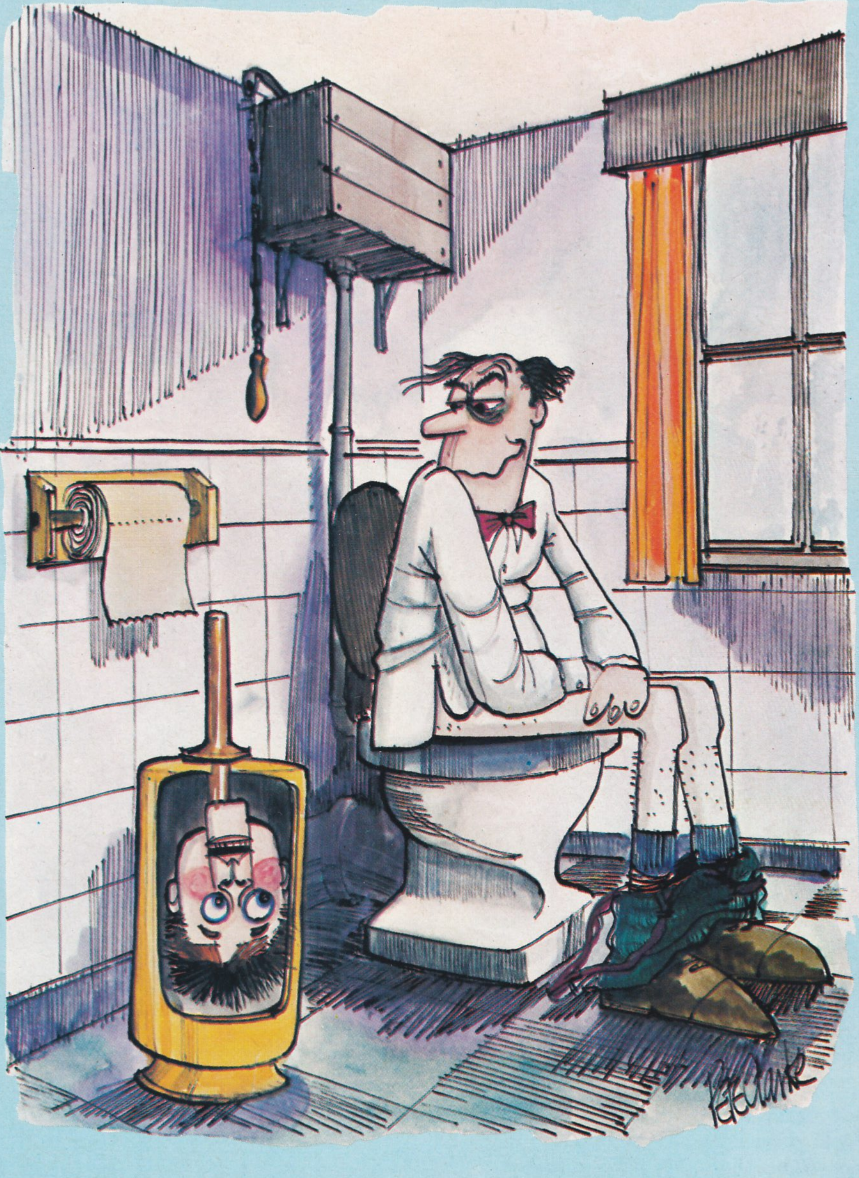


A Load of Gollocks!

by Pete Clarke

. . . or a nod is as good as a wink to a ventriloquist's dummy – sometimes . . .

AGGRO CHIC-
ARE WOMEN GOING OVER THE TOP?

by Hugh Miller

They say that the female of the species is deadlier than the male – and there are endless examples in the animal world. In the wake of Women's Liberation, a new aspect of violence is making its presence felt in urban societies . . .

The signs are definitely piling up. They started to appear a few years ago, around the time when polite party conversations became studiedly impolite, when the female trendsetters began dropping carefully-rehearsed four-letter expletives where, formerly, they would have emitted nothing worse than giggling euphemisms. Germaine Greer ceased to be unique, her strident invective was equalled and eventually surpassed. The girls stopped calling the men devils, swine or rats whenever they were shocked, annoyed or angry. Instead, the delicate eyes would narrow, the small teeth appear, and some bewildered lad would find himself being screechingly denounced as a shit, a bastard, or even a motherfucker. Those were the first signs, back in the early era of the fashionably foul mouth. The seeds have long since rooted and the dark flower is opening now. Aggro Chic is in our midst, and none of us is safe.

A few examples. Some weeks ago an acquaintance came across two figures on the drive at the side of his house. They were siphoning petrol from his car, and when he disturbed the pair they promptly turned on him and beat him up. Not an unusual story, on the face of it, but later that night, when the villains were apprehended, they turned out to be girls, both 19 and from upper middle-class homes. They did not deny their felony, which they regarded as more of a lark. When questioned about the efficient way in which they duffed-up their victim, the brittle young things proudly announced that they were proficient in Kung Fu. In subsequent interviews with a social worker, one of the girls admitted that she enjoyed placing herself in a situation where she might have a chance to use her martial craft on a man.

Then there was Larry. Confident, fairly likeable, a front-line scorer with girls who fall for pseudo-intellectual flattery, he recently picked up two at once and began in short order to make it with them in the back of his car. Larry has always affected an air of blasé worldliness, some of it genuine, but that particular bout of group sex left him as frightened as any spotty pubescent youth in the clutches of a hirsute widow. "I've never experienced anything like it," he swore. "There I was, stretched out on the seat, shuddering away in the throes with one on my face and the other doing something spectacular down below – then it all stopped." It stopped and then it changed. The familiarity of shared impulses withdrew and Larry found himself being forcibly turned on his face, guided expertly by firm young hands which hurt whenever he tried to resist. He was made to kneel on the floor, with his face and chest on the seat. He has described what followed in various ways, trying to capture the specific quality of shock, terror and agonising revulsion. "I could smell them, their perfume, the femininity of them, and at the same time there was this brutality coming from the same source. My arms were twisted around my back and there was a bare knee on my neck – I couldn't budge. All the time I was trying to shout but the seat muffled most of it, and then I did get my head on the side far enough to get some sound out, another knee bashed me in the nose and my hair was nearly ripped out, so I had to put my face into the leather again. It was the craziest feeling, being naked in the car with two naked girls, and yet feeling like I was being mugged by a couple of Hell's Angels." Screaming silently into the upholstery, unable to move, Larry was painfully buggered with the wooden handle of a screwdriver. Afterwards, when he became fully conscious, he found himself alone in the car, the instrument of his humiliation lying beside him and beyond it his empty wallet. Understandably, Larry did not report the incident to the police, but he was obliged to seek the aid of a doctor, who drew his own cynical conclusions.

The third example concerns Leonard, a young man who derives special pleasure from pulling wealthy women. Less than a year ago, he found himself in what was a superficially enviable position, viz., inside a lush Ferrarri and inside its owner, a 23-year-old blonde as lush as her car and just as high-powered. In mid-stroke, Leonard suddenly felt a sharp pain beneath his left shoulderblade. "It's a knife," the girl hissed in his ear. "If you come before I do, I'll shove it through your ribs." From that moment onwards, remaining competent was Leonard's major problem, and as soon as the woman had gurgled and jerked her way through the orgasm, he made his getaway with a minimum of ceremony.

These are extreme examples of Aggro Chic, which is manifested more frequently in less dauntingly direct ways, but with no less sinister import. Fashion in clothing appears to have boomeranged, perhaps as a reaction as most alternatives have been explored; fashion in behaviour has come to prominence as a focus for social experimentation, and sexual behaviour, tangled with the muzzy politics of female self-assertion, is undergoing a revolutionary distortion at the hands of privileged trendies. It is no longer sufficient, in the dialectic of certain metallic-voiced girls with too much time to sit around dreaming up these movements, that the men should be shouted down and told what defilers they are, the word must become flesh.

Irene, one of the Kung Fu petrol thieves, is voluble enough on this point. "Sure, there's a definite pleasure, a *righteous* pleasure, in kicking some man in the balls. It's all the more pleasant if he's on the offensive when it happens. I don't see that it's so dishonest to set up a situation which is no more than typical, symbolic. Men feel they have a right to be aggressors, and it's only made more unbearable by the sickening condescension they give off when they hold open a door for a woman, or give her their seat in the Tube. The big daddy lion showing he can be tender, just so long as the rules are allowed to stand. Him Tarzan, you shit." The petrol siphoning game, Irene points out, serves a number of functions for the with-it female in pursuit of her new morality. The theft itself is an act of retribution, and the means of effecting it – through a tube which first has to be sucked – makes up for the bygone blow jobs which enriched the male at the expense of a woman's dignity. Then there's the necessary stealth, the guerrilla element, the demonstration of feline cunning. Getting caught, of course, is the best part. The man comes on strong, angry, the epitome of all that is detestable in his kind, and with evangelical glee the girls proceed to put the boot in. The same so-called vindication is the goal of a turnabout where male chauvinism is converted suddenly to female rape, as with Larry, and it energises the kind of situation where Leonard found himself becoming the submissive partner, on pain of possible death.

The facts are alarming enough, but what is more distressing to the careful observer is that, like ancient far-flung tribes, the Aggro Chic crowd appears to formulate its rules and procedures by telepathy. Without any detectable central policymaking body, it evinces, countrywide, a virtually identical code. Lib groups, which are now too conventional and logical for dedicated trendies, cannot be held responsible. The answer, I suspect, lies in an inevitable, perverse evolution.

Every ideology produces deformed offshoots – just think of the ugly, negative extensions of Socialism, Capitalism and Christianity. Like any other major creed, the emotive dogma of Women's Rights has set free buried lines of automatic reasoning in females of widely-varying intellect and prejudice. Women and men fall into emotional types, and it seems fair to presume that the kind of

Hors d'oeuvres

STRIP EASE

Richard Wortley is fast becoming an expert on sex. His latest book *A Pictorial History of Striptease* follows hard on *Sex in the Cinema*. But while his book on celluloid sex was a disappointment (due mainly to the publisher) his new sexploit is excellent. Well-illustrated and produced (by Octupus, £2.95) Wortley takes the art through its various forms, stripping the illusion as well as a few garments on the way. There's even a section on how to strip with plenty of pictures beforehand of the experts. He has some kind words to say about the Raymond Revuebar Theatre – 'today this club stands at the top of the artistic tree', and describes its attractions as 'erotic entertainment'. There are enough sexy pictures in the book to satisfy even the keenest strip fan – and the words are good, too. And, of course, you can compare it with the real thing by going along to the Revuebar, or the latest erotic entertainment at the Windmill, *Rip Off*.

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF
STRIPTEASE
Richard Wortley
100 YEARS OF UNDRESSING TO MUSIC

SURGERY
SAPORITO

OOPS!

SCIENCE - HITS - BACK DEPT: Science and technology seem to be hitting back at humans in weird robot-like fashion. Latest tool in the war is the common vibrator. A woman told doctors at one hospital that 'in the excitement of the moment' her husband had pushed a vibrator in her anus which was 'lost from his control'. In a similar case, a woman lost a vibrator which continued working for five hours! A single man claimed that he had been attacked by a gang of youths who stuck a bottle up his anus – on examination a vibrator was found lodged there.

So watch what you do with that motorised piece of plastic!

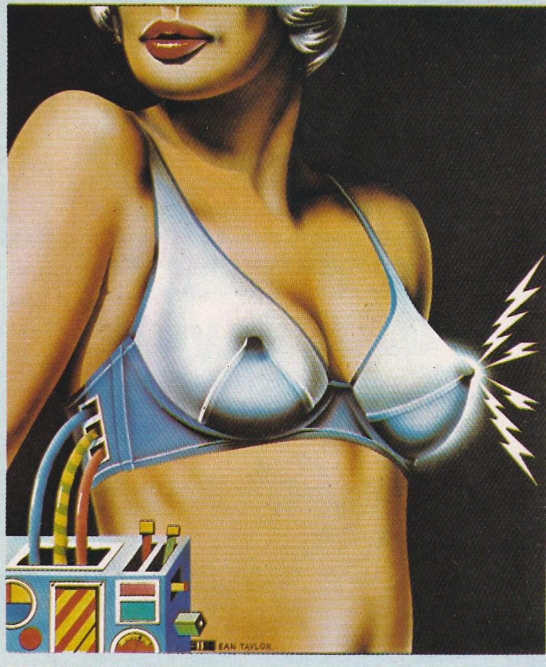
DIRTY DIVE

Latest from the Land of Hope and Gory: Sky-diving in the nude. One young beauty says 'It's like going to bed. Each time you jump, you hope it's going to be a good experience'. Another claims; 'Each time I jump I come'. Yet another dishy diver reckons: 'It's better than coming'. Whatever it's got, plunging through the air at the end of a parachute seems to be the 'in' thing as far as erotica is concerned *(picture)*. The only trouble appears to be for men – who have to be *very, very* careful where they land! No-one has yet managed to have full intercourse while on the way down – so hands up the thirty second merchants.

NO GROPES FOR THE WICKED

Appropriately named Think Twice
Some firm now market a device
Which would-be rapists will detest,
When seizing victims by the breast:
A bra that turns the lady's knockers
To highly disconcerting shockers . . .
The trespasser's intruding finger
Will have no tendency to linger
On finding that the bra is wired
To shock the fiend by passion fired.
The girl who wears it – so it's stated –
Is well and truly insulated.
There's just one thing that worries Club
What happens if (and here's the rub!)
A damsel – geared up to resist
The risks of being mauled or kissed
Should be assaulted by the guy
She's keen to be accosted by?
What fate befalls the fool who sups
From those electrifying cups?

Bernard Campion



WHAAA!
KERPLOP!
-ROE-

THE SOFT TOUCH

Think soft thoughts the next time you are sponging your tender parts in a bath. The little sponge you fill with soap was once a living creature with a sex drive like yourself. However, unlike we mere humans, the sponge can satisfy itself by changing sex at will. So if the male sponge is not paying enough attention, then a quick turn-about can solve the problem. The larva it produces helps move it about – otherwise it is stuck. The idea behind this is that if the sorry sponge is getting nowhere in its sexual advances, it simply has an orgasm, moves up the beach a bit, and hopes for better things next spring. It must be one of the only cases in history where a quick ejaculation gets you out of hot water into somewhat cooler spots.

A question of shifting your load?

UP BEAT

Shawn Philips, known to those who follow the Steely Dan sounds, is not a commercial musician in the sense that he hits the charts with great regularity. Yet as his latest album *Rumplestiltskin's Resolve* (A&M Records) shows, his approach is refreshing. While some of the tracks echo some of The Incredible String Band's early works, the album as a whole is more mellow, more polished than his last. Philips, like so many artists now, is moving towards a simpler sound. Once he gets rid of bits of schmultz he should have a fine sound. But this album is worth catching. Another sound which has not had the chart success it deserves is that of **The Tubes.** Their new album *Young and Rich* (A&M) backed up by tours and massive publicity, hasn't given the band the enormous popularity they have in the States. This could be because they fall into the 'live act' category, and once having seen them, you're hooked. A good rock sound, perhaps, like Aerosmith, they will develop their studio technique. A good album for rock fans. **Mott the Hoople,** otherwise known as Mott, are one of those groups who

Photograph by Jay Myrdal

happen. We lived in the depths of the country on a farm, and children mature much more slowly there than they do in London – or any other big town. I'd honestly never thought of boys as anything other than friends. Of course I knew all about sex – all country children do – but somehow I'd never applied it to me. Anyway, to get back to the point. My mother dragged me, screaming all the way, to London two days before my birthday. She took me to hairdressers, beauty salons, boutiques – all over the place. As we walked to the platform at the station, I felt eyes following me. I started blushing – well, I thought my knickers were round my ankles or the flies of my brand-new trouser suit were open or something.

"Then came my birthday and my party. All the usual crowd were there – boys I'd known all my life. But the way they looked at me made me feel a new person. I realised I was a woman and felt proud of it. And I've never looked back since!" ☐

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It's time for gathering the harvest again – when all strong men take into their arms the fruits of a long, hot summer. In days of yore, there were festivals and dances to celebrate the occasion and many a man got more than his wheat – or was it oats? But now according to best-selling author Hugh Miller you don't have to chase the ladies, they come after you – with knives and knickers drawn. His article *Aggro Chic* should make you feel very lucky – or very frightened. Roger Manvell still claims that ladies are not getting as much as they should in the cinema. In *Abreast of The Times*, he takes a modern look at the silver screen. Quality, not quantity, is what Philippa Pigache feels sex is about and gives her reasons why in *In Praise of Smaller Men* – which should make pint-sizers feel like quarts. And, of course, our lovely ladies – they're a harvest all on their own. So get down and 'start gathering! ☐

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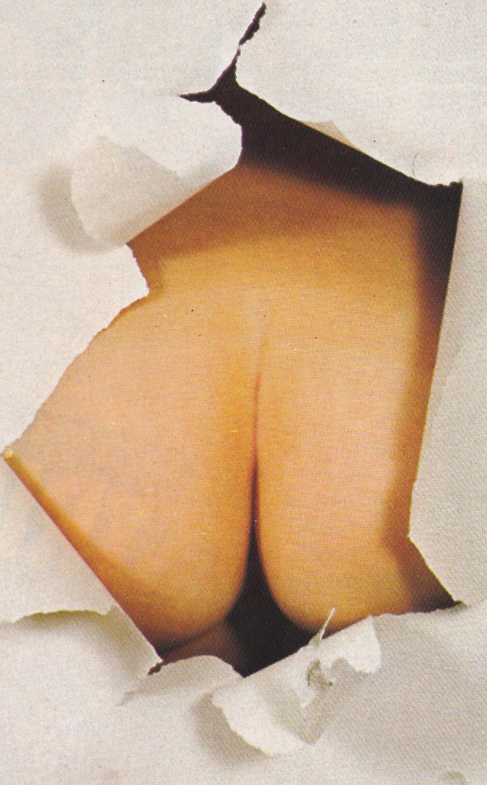
ALL WILL BE REVEALED...



. . . when you make certain of getting your copy of *Club International* by taking out a regular subscription. Not only will you be given the low-down on some of the loveliest ladies around, you'll be entertained in a manner that men of the world expect. The finest and most informative features, the most intriguing and erotic fiction, the funniest cartoons and, of course, letters that are enough to make the stamps curl! All you have to do is send off the money, and for the next twelve months revelation will be yours. It's enough to make you tear apart at the seams . . .

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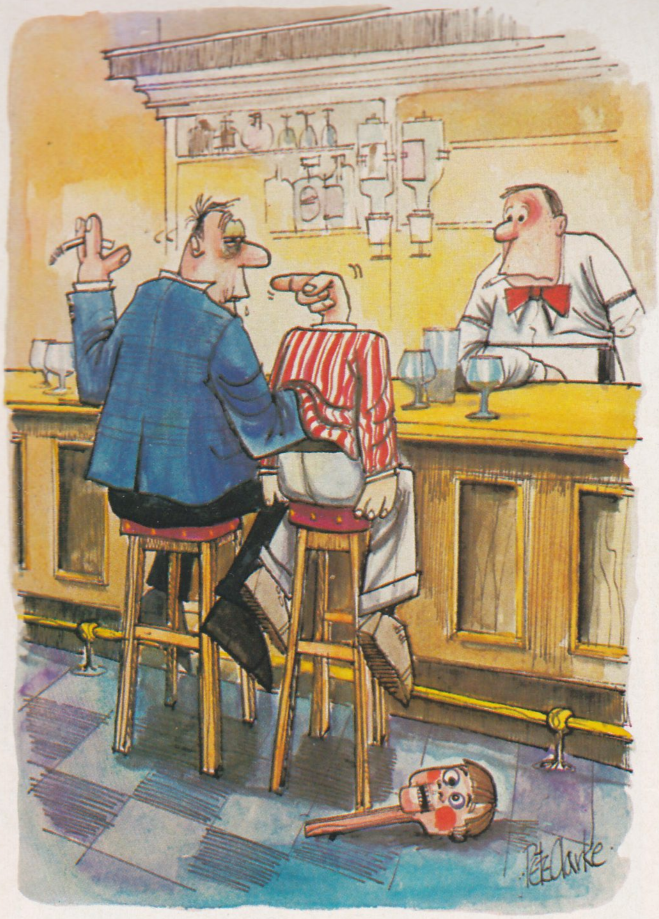
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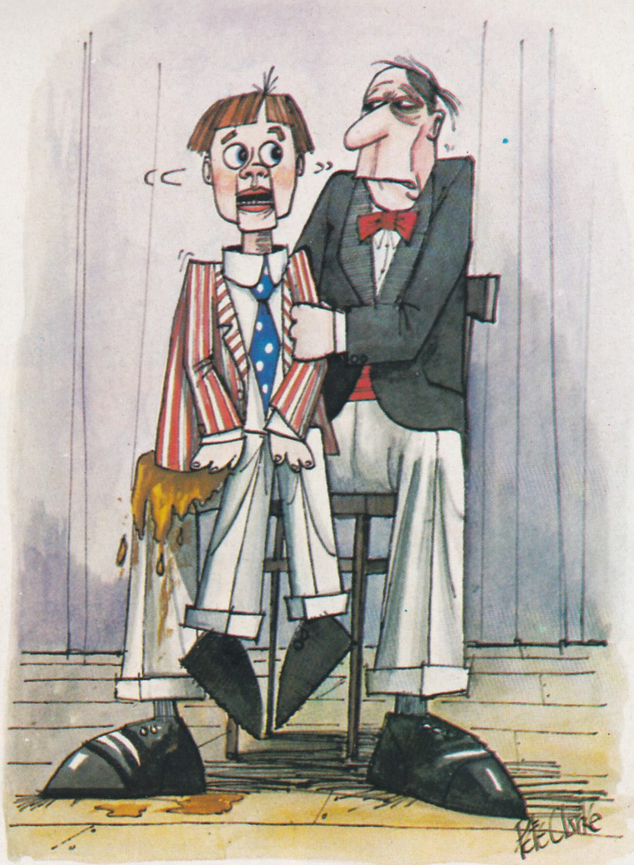
"You're pissed!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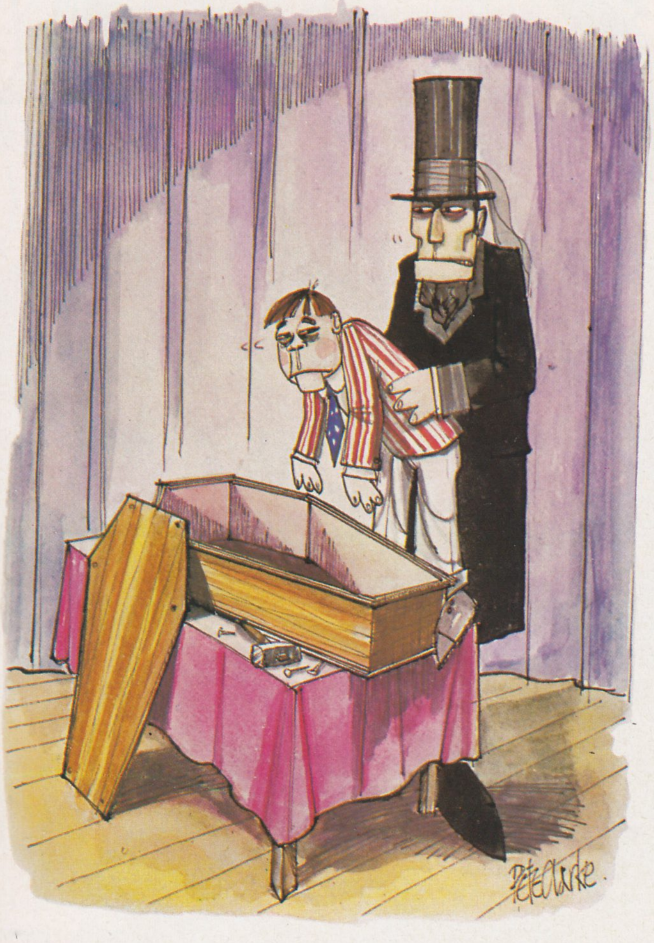
"Who's a dirty little gastard, then?"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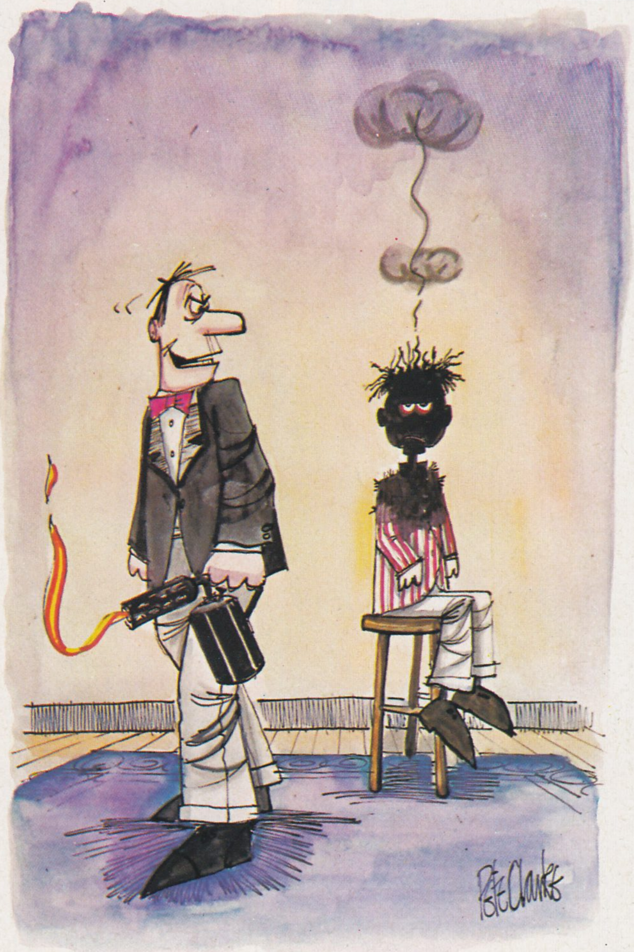
"Say goodbye to the ladies and gentlemen . . ."


PeteClarke

"Now will you look at me when I'm talking to you!"

have had a few personal changes without disrupting their sound. Since Ian Hunter left to carve a solo career for himself and Nigel Benjamin joined, they have maintained a steady high standard. Their latest offering *Shouting and Pointing* (CBS) is a magnificent musical *tour de force* of rock 'n' roll. Some of the tracks are perhaps a little over-indulged but 'Career (No Such Thing As Rock 'n' Roll)' is superb. **The Carpenters** have sold over 30 million records to date – so obviously the 'easy listening' market is still panting for smooth, summery sounds. *A Kind of Hush* (A&M) continues the sugary assault on our senses and no doubt will have everyone drooling in their armchairs over tea and scones. If you're a Carpenters' fan, and worry about their bank balance, rush out and buy the album. If not, stick to your own tastes. In many ways they are the adult's answer to the Osmonds – and don't we all love them?

RUMPLESTILTSKIN'S RESOLVE

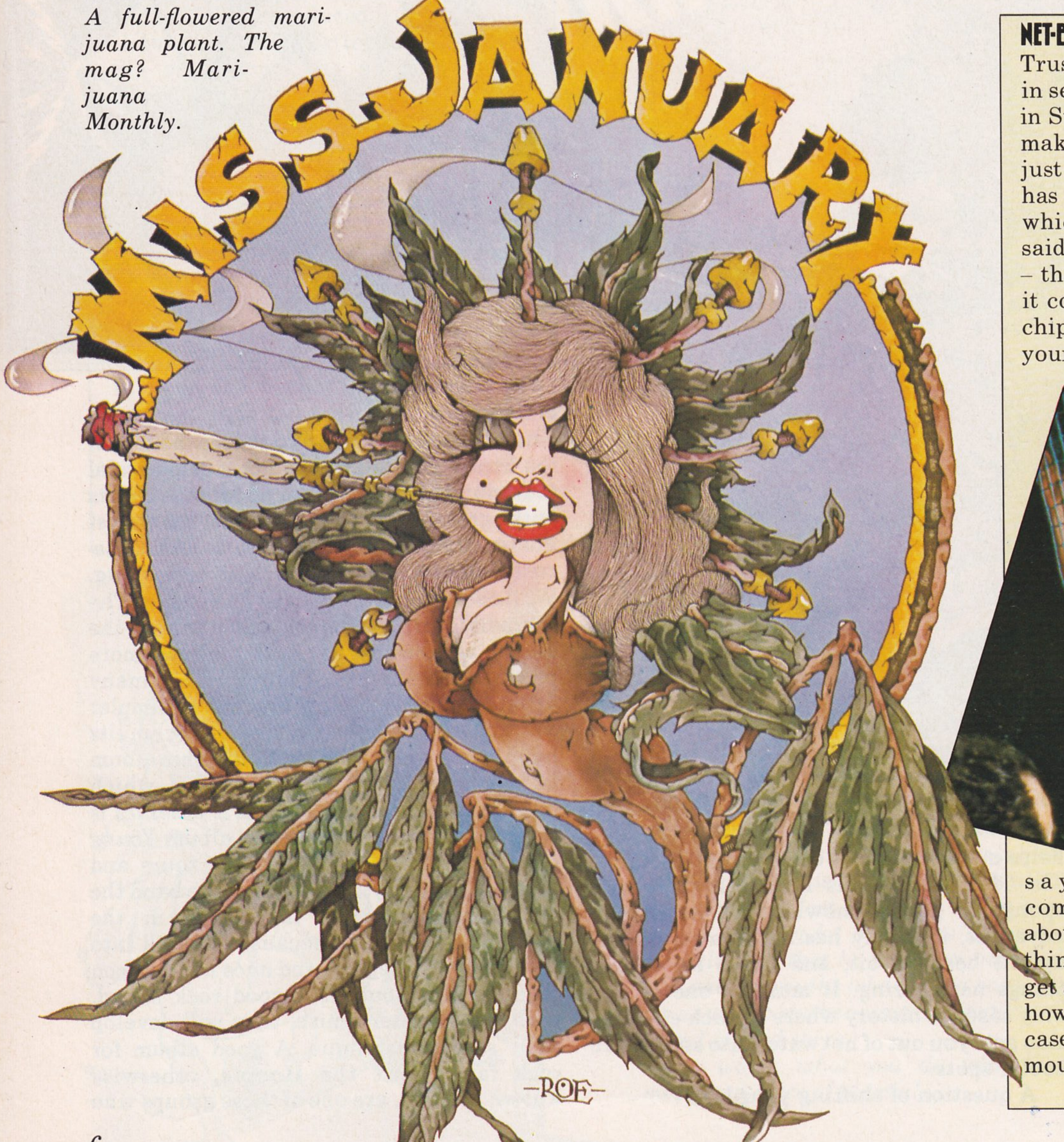
CARPENTERS
a kind of hush

the Tubes
YOUNG AND RICH
SP4580 214 329 8
01/76 UNTIL REVOKED
THE TUBES

Mott
Shouting & Pointing

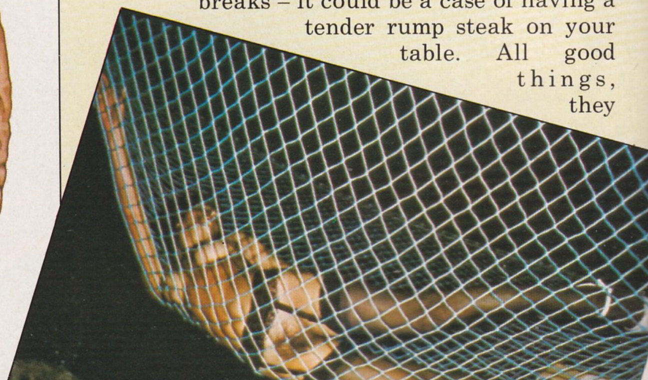
OUT OF JOINT

She's long, cool, and some say she can make you blow your mind. An American magazine has just voted her centre spread girl. And this lady certainly enjoys being rolled in between the skins! Who is she? A full-flowered marijuana plant. The mag? Marijuana Monthly.



NET-BALL

Trust the Swedish to come up with the latest idea in sexual entertainment. The *Sexorama* porn club in Stockholm now has the slogan 'Where couples make love from floor to ceiling' – and they mean just that. To attract new custom the management has suspended huge nets from the ceiling into which the acts crawl and do their bit. As one guy said, it might be just as well to take a sou'wester – these Swedish ladies are no lightweights when it comes to sex. While you enjoy your steak and chips a young lady plays with a vibrator above your head. We don't know what happens if the net breaks – it could be a case of having a tender rump steak on your table. All good things, they say, come from above, but we can think of better ways to get a stiff neck . . . which raises the point, how do you eat while staring at the ceiling? A case of chew and screw? Or don't peek with your mouth full?



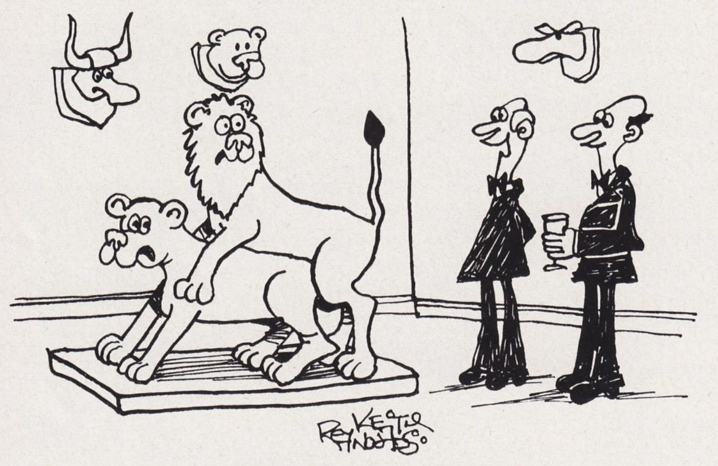
NORRINGTON

women who must, through some fundamental insecurity, always be the first and the most outrageous, are arriving at similar conclusions without consulting each other in any organised way. Fashion has a pattern: it arrives, it is developed, it undergoes profound change.

It is significant that so many of the aggro girls come from the upper reaches of society. Freedom from financial pressures, the idea of work as a mere alternative to boredom and elastic moral boundaries tend to produce, among other things, young women who lack the necessities of character and discipline. Radicals abound in such a climate, people ferreting on the borderlines of society to locate something that might make them feel real, useful. Consider that, then consider the outlook of a young woman desperately trying to uphold her beloved faith knowing it must become more outrageous to deserve the 'fashionable' label, and relishing, at the same time, the prospect of unleashing a streak of savagery which was never properly controlled in infancy. Such an individual makes the standard sexually-aggressive woman look rather homely.

Some hideously sadistic wellsprings have already been uncovered by the emerging fashion. A 22-year-old girl who believes men should be suppressed to the category of sex toys, a girl who superficially radiates charm and breeding, was induced to talk. In the end, it was difficult to make her stop.

"The mythology is such fucking crap," she asserted. "Because it's been fed into her since she was a baby, the average girl is conditioned to believe in the romantic necessity, the element they used to call 'dishy', the male mystique that hangs about a man like a holy nimbus. A cock is what he is, a cock with minor accessories for stroking and biting. A woman has to face that reality before she can even begin to assert herself. There's no need for sweet music and muted pink lights, or any of the other fake paraphernalia. The man is the instrument of a woman's pleasure, and it's not some weak, watery need she has, either. It's stronger than a man's, as any girl discovers when she resurrects her true instincts from the traditional blancmange of romance and sentimentality. An efficient cock, driven by a man who has no higher purpose, is every woman's right."



"I caught these two by surprise!"

And the man's rights, I ventured to ask, what are they?

"He has none. Women have always carried the genuine ability to rule and organise the world. They are the creators, the children come from them. Men are the servants of that creativity, even if they *have* managed for countless centuries to dominate with false credentials and mind-fogging shit about being protectors and so forth. The idea of *father* sounds so superior to *mother*, doesn't it? That's the male myth-building in action. To be a father, all you have to do is put your penis in a woman and deposit some semen. Motherhood is the condition that means something, it involves physical and emotional hardship, not just a quick 10-second thrill."

It was clear that this girl's adherence to the Aggro Chic philosophy was something of a self-deluding expedient. She was using the movement as a peg for a strong underlying drive towards perversion. Revelation came during an enraptured discourse on just how a man could be deployed, ideally, as a sex machine. "He can turn on every erotic sensation without opening his mouth or using his lumbering technique. Look, the enjoyment is all on the one side, it's the way things are, like it or not. Every part of the male pleasure device can be manipulated to precise advantage. I would bind the man, hand and foot, which is very satisfactory, because it symbolises my rôle as dominator. That alone would be terrifically exciting. After that I'd cause him pain, I'd use the power of my fingers to create enormous agony with the smallest of effort. Oh, there's so much that can be done. Every nerve in a woman's body can be set tingling if she uses a man correctly."

I asked if the act of coitus figured anywhere in her sensation-packed ideal.

"Fucking? Of course, it's the grand finale. The trick is to enjoy the journey as much as the arrival, though. Another mark of a woman's dominant status is the superiority of her sexual equipment. She can come over and over again, and she should have at least three orgasms before actually getting the cock inside her. When the man is finally unbound and allowed to mount, he does so in the certain knowledge that he must not ejaculate until he is told he may. He would be under some strong threat or other, to ensure his compliance."

There was a wistful air about the lady's concluding remarks. "I'll never see the ideal accepted in my lifetime, but the shift has started. One day, men will be what nature intended them to be, and women will run the world properly. All I can do is contribute to the change-over, whenever I can." That last sentence had the chilling ring of an intent already realised, at least once.

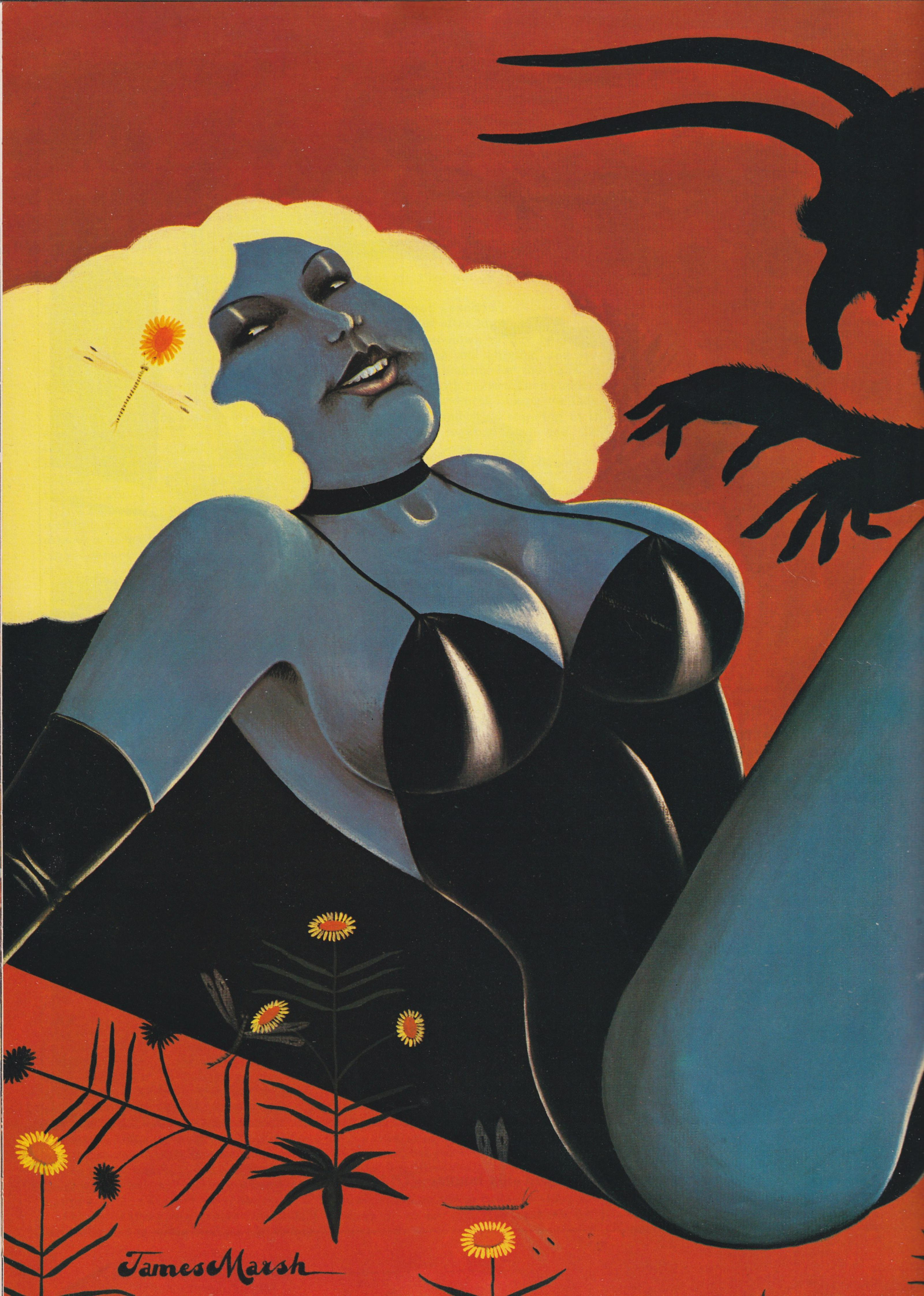
Men could be unwittingly lending support to the trend. The massive sales of bondage literature here and abroad have far outstripped early expectation, and female writing on the subject indicates that men can often be made to accept a symbolic suppression to the point where they want little else in the way of gratification. In the bedroom, existing evidence suggests that domination fantasies are acted-out by 10 times as many women as men. What is currently no more than a spark could become a ruinous fire, given the amount of ready sexual submission among men, and the antithetical willingness among wives and lovers to don the boots and pick up the whip.

Senseless crimes of violence committed by young women are on the increase. One social worker, a girl with few liberationist streaks in her, has detected a tribal pattern linking several cases. "A lot of it is terribly direct," she said. "There's obviously careful planning involved. I don't think of the incidents as crimes so much as ritual acts. We had five cases in three months, and two of the girls were caught. They didn't know each other, but they could have been turned out by the same aggro academy, they were so similar. Well-bred, heavily indoctrinated in feminist logic, and extremely vicious. One of them attacked a teenage boy. She dislocated his shoulder, kicked him several times in the scrotum and then took his money and his wrist watch. The other one went for a middle-aged drunk. She enticed him into a park, let him fondle her, the usual scrubber routine. When she began to masturbate the man, she apparently pulled back his foreskin by stages, then drew a strip of heavy sandpaper across the exposed tip of his penis. He was still half-demented with the pain when they admitted him to hospital. By that time, he'd suffered an additional kick in the testicles, a gouging on one side of his face, and his wallet had gone." This social worker has seen many cases in the space of a few months, and she summed up her suspicions neatly. "It's like a black law of nature, coming into force overnight."

Conclusions on a matter of this kind can vary, of course. Technically, it is far too early to evaluate the evidence, but at an instinctive level there is ample cause for concern. Male sexual advances, at least among those who genuinely worry about this trend, must naturally be limited in scope and spontaneity by the lurking suspicion that the girl in focus, however soft and moist-looking, may well be planning to dabble in castration at the earliest opportunity. The only real defence, which is far from totally effective, is to avoid young women with fashionable looks and confident eyes. A few months grazing in the pastures of the older, gentler creatures might pay off in terms of physical safety and confidence of approach, however much is forfeited in zestful accomplishment.

I choose to believe that Aggro Chic is no more than a passing phase. It has all the earmarks of a frantic fad in the hands of undisciplined children, and like all their other fashions it will fade before it can prevail. But there's no point in going complacent about this thing. I mean, what's going to be powerful enough to replace it? And when does the next phase start? ☐

Accessories by Incognito Leather, Old Brompton Road, London SW5.


James Marsh

Tamsyn

Photographed by Clive McLean

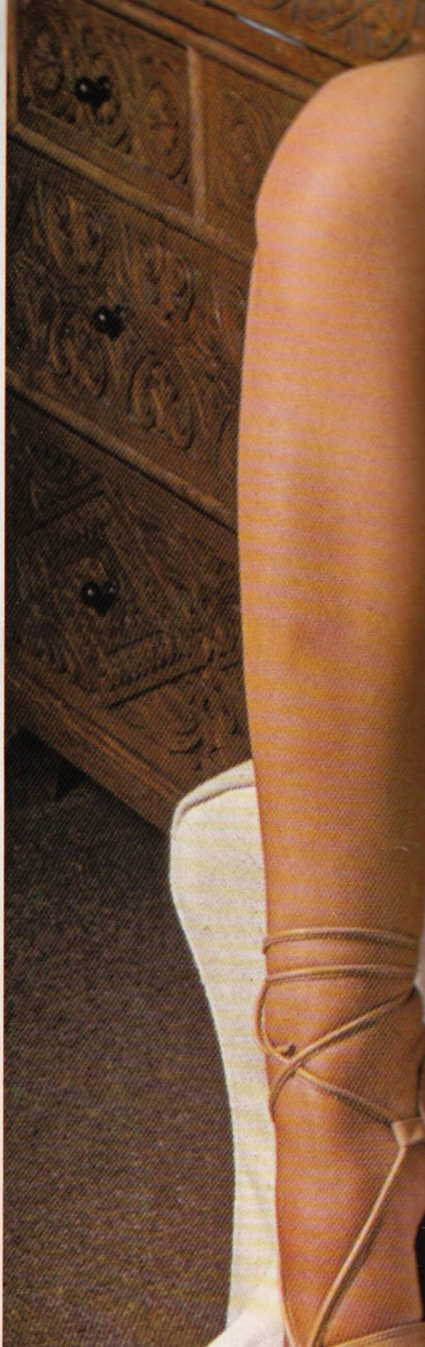
by Roger Manvell

Movie-makers are turning their attention more and more frequently to the relationship of the sexes in today's atmosphere of freedom and equality. We examine some facets.

The cinema is in the process of changing its romantic image, and the new phase into which popular entertainment is entering, for the more sophisticated cinema-goer, is to say the least an interesting one.

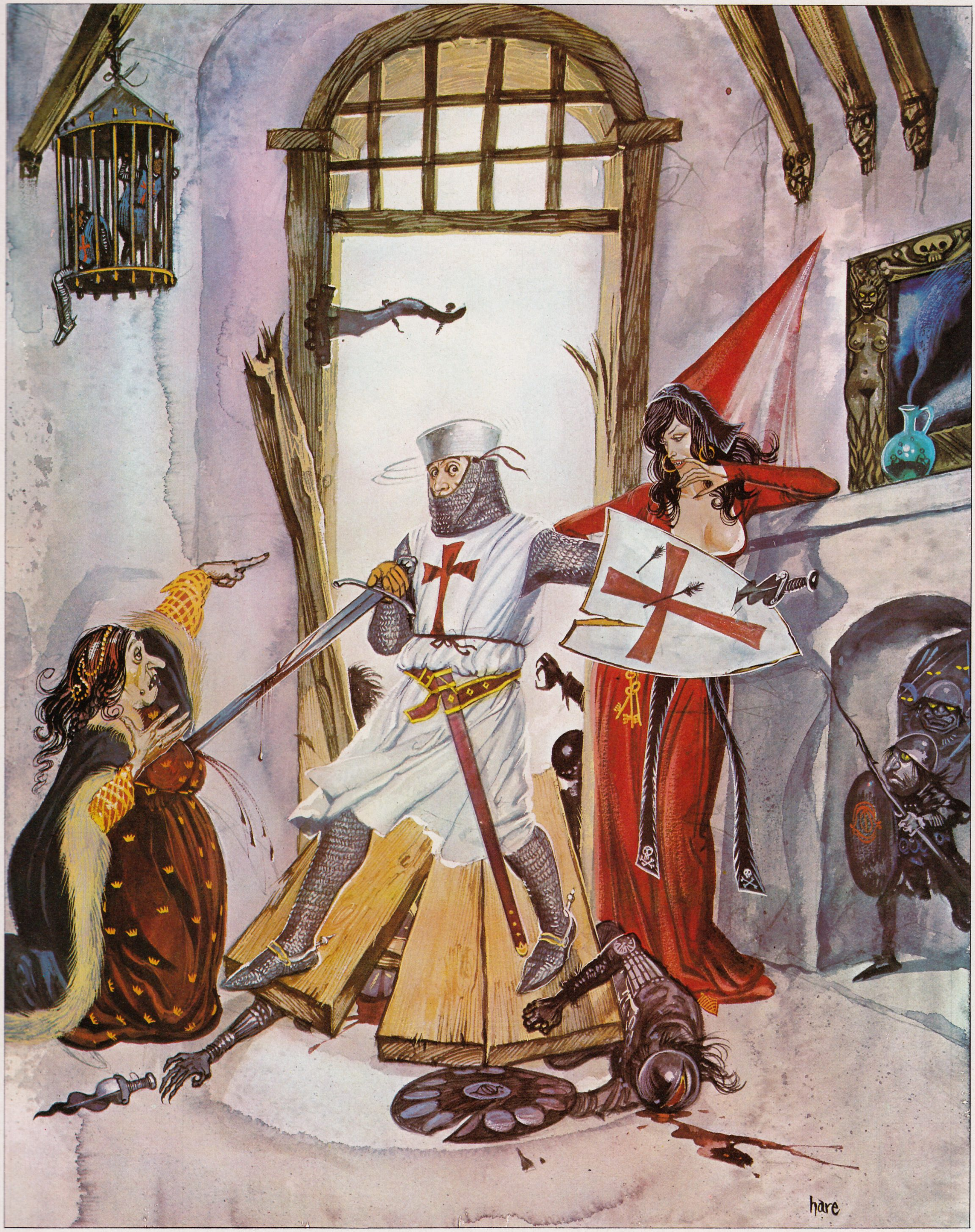
In times past, sophistication was represented either by the remote, goddess-figure – Greta Garbo, for example – or the woman who suggested a demanding, sensual voraciousness – the kind of woman played by Marlene Dietrich or Joan Crawford in the 1930s. The idealised, other-worldly sensuality suggested by Garbo – whose face, dreamy in soft focus, still haunts the screen in revivals of such films as *Queen Christina* – soon gave way, after the dust and heat of war, to women who suggested more of the wear and tear of sex than its romanticised vision – the disillusionment of an Ingrid Bergman or the essentially innocent sensuality of a Marilyn Monroe. The greater audiences of the 1950s and the 1960s saw serious, sophisticated, but still essentially dramatised, treatments of sexuality in such films as *Women in Love, Midnight Cowboy, The Graduate,* or even the more documentary-type *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning.* Only in the work of the most advanced film-makers were the actualities of sexual conflict and dementia presented graphically and with

Illustration by Phil Dobson



Tomboy was what they used to call Tamsyn up to her 16th birthday – exactly up to her 16th birthday, which may surprise you, but she'll explain later. Tamsyn wanted to be a boy – it was as simple as that. She was tired of being told that girls didn't play with catapults, whistle through their teeth, ride racing bikes. Those were the things that Tamsyn was interested in doing, and she didn't see why she should be forced into playing with dolls, learning how to cook and various other occupations her mother thought suitable but she didn't. It's understandable.

"Then my mother really pulled a sly one. Incidentally, it may seem incredible to you that a girl can reach 16 these days and be totally unaware of her own femininity, but believe me, it can



"I'M the Princess, you silly bugger – THAT'S the witch!!"

a powerful lobby – rejected and even derided though it is by so many women – it is obvious that some counter-movement in popular entertainment will seize the public imagination of men and women alike. It is the younger rather than the older generation who seize on these films and insist on keeping them current on the screen – young men (traditional in outlook as most young men fundamentally remain), perhaps even cynically applauding these assaults on a sex they feel to have become overweening in its rejection of male charm. The Women's Liberation movement (which acts sometimes almost like a female Ku Klux Klan in its arrogant and irrational rejection of the male) goes to all lengths, from the reasonable to the unreasonable, in declaring woman's need to be entirely independent of man. Hence they get the best of both worlds with popular films such as *Swept Away* and *Last Tango in Paris.* The male is at once shown up and (perversely) romantically idealised, and when his ultimate vulnerability is fully exposed (in his desire for marriage or his pleading for sexual partnership), his woman turns and thumbs her nose at him and (in one case at least) goes off with easier prey. In *Swept Away* she flies off with her unwanted but wealthy husband in his helicopter; in *Last Tango in Paris*, like some praying mantis, she destroys him. So these are women's pictures, even though, particularly in Bertolucci's case, there is more than a measure of both misogyny and misanthropy in the film.

Outside the popular mainstream of cinema lie the other films I have mentioned. Eustache's *The Mother and the Whore* (a lengthy, three-and-a-half-hour examination of the sexual relations of a man and two women) would appeal to a somewhat specialised taste. Nothing happens but the prolonged interchanges between the young man and his two very divergent mistresses – the mother-figure and the whore-figure. The film has been compared to *Last Tango in Paris*, but it is in fact notably different. It does not exploit physical assault in the manner of *Last Tango*; rather it becomes a confessional, a film of continuous debate in which the self-centred needs of the young man (played by Jean-Pierre Leaud, who also plays the young fiancé in *Last Tango*) are explored in painful, cathartic detail, and the initial jealousy of the two women – the one who mothers him and the one who whores after him – is resolved by their gradual drawing together in an alliance which finally serves to drive him out.

Quite different, and also very amusing, is Dusan Makavejev's *W.R. – Mysteries of the Organism.* Using his own personal interpretation of the teachings of Wilhelm Reich, Makavejev has created a fantasy of female sexual liberation, equating it with political liberation and with communism.

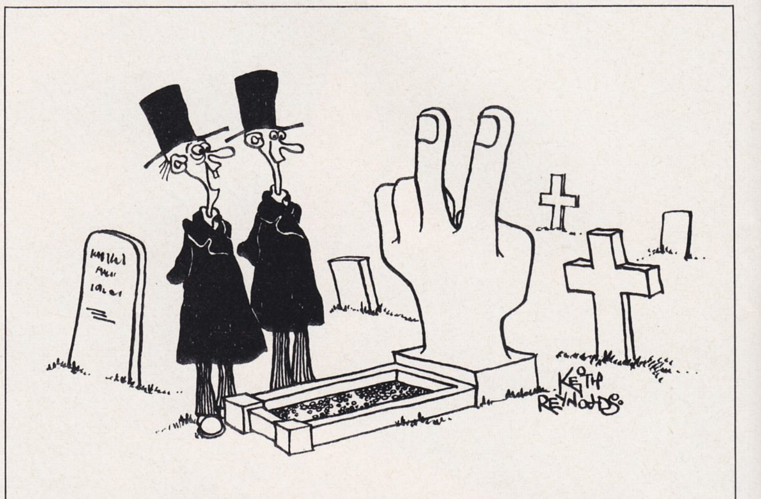
Alongside these films in the more specialised field of exhibition are certain close studies of homosexuality made by the now celebrated German director, Werner Fassbinder. Fassbinder also aims primarily to entertain in a serious vein, but his films through subject and treatment remain in a somewhat specialised field and appeal to only sophisticated audiences outside Germany.

La Belle du Jour, like Bergman's *The Silence,* was a film somewhat ahead of its time and its success almost 10 years ago was no doubt in part due to the shock of seeing a well-heeled, middle-class woman take to afternoon prostitution to save herself from boredom – a theme Godard had explored in *Deux ou Trois Choses que Je Sais d'Elle* – though prostitution in this case has a wider significance, since Godard holds that no-one can survive our modern urban society without some degree of prostitution. *La Belle du Jour*, like so many other films of its period, obscured the fine line between our perception of actuality (as we conceive it to be) and our wishful obsessions and hallucinations – in this case a polite and beautiful woman's exploration of the sexual experience denied her in married life. Buñuel's remarkable, sardonic humour ebbed and flowed throughout this film as in his other exposures of the decadent and purposeless bourgeoisie of whose pretensions he makes fun in such films as *The Exterminating Angel* and *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie*, in both of which he mingles fantasy with burlesque for the purposes of satire.

Bergman's celebrated *Scenes from a Marriage* is in many respects the least compromising statement about the relationship of a man and a woman yet to have appeared on the screen. This is partly because of its length – 300 minutes (six 50-minute episodes) for television, or nearly three hours in the big-screen version Bergman prepared for cinema showings. The principals, Johan and Marianne, are an ostensibly happily-married couple belonging to the professional classes – he, a research scientist in academic work, she a lawyer specialising in divorce. They are the parents of two young daughters. Their problem could be described as being deeply in love, but not on the level of domestic compatibility. To cover this they have adopted the mask of stable married folks.

The episodes of the film span a considerable range of years, but the first three concern the disintegration of the marriage. In the fourth episode the real complication in their relationship is revealed. They are still undivorced. Johan is unhappy with Paula, his young girlfriend – 'loneliness,' he says, 'is absolute', the only sure thing there is in life. Marianne has had new lovers, but has been bored by them. It seems inevitable that they end up in bed together, linked by some fundamental tie which neither can altogether sever. Six months later, however, under the influence of a bottle of brandy, they have a violent quarrel over the divorce papers and the economic and parental problems their severance has occasioned. He has become unnerved through the deterioration in his relationship with Paula, and alarmed to find that his career appears to have been checked – the University is passing him over when it comes to promotion and special projects. But Marianne has drawn too far away from him to be responsive to his self-pity. She wants to remarry. Recrimination over the past leads to real blows. Ashamed at this display, Johan decides they are both 'emotional illiterates'. The divorce papers are finally signed.

The film series ends with an episode taking place six years later. Both are remarried. Nevertheless, whenever they are mutually free to do so, they continue to meet, to go off together like excited lovers for some rare revival of their ancient, deep-rooted attachment. 'I wonder what it is in you that sabotages all natural maturity', she ponders, and he agrees that in spite of his years – after 20 years of marriage – he is still a 'boy who never wants to grow up'.



"Now that's *what I call a* headstone!*"*

Liv Ullman's performance, uncompromisingly emotional, as Marianne, gives this film its immediate and raw suffering; the nerves are all exposed throughout its duration. She holds back nothing of the self-torture Marianne experiences, her search for the truth about herself and this man she loves but so bitterly resents. His own search and disillusion are equally bitter: one of Bergman's oldest collaborators, both as actor and (on occasion) as co-author, Erland Josephson, gives Johan just the right degree of inflexibility and lack of mature response to a woman whose self-realisation is always a step ahead of his. This film has no philosophical or even psychological interpretation to bring to bear on the experiences it shows; no theory of marriage or of sexual relationship emerges. Nothing is allowed to relieve the pain of this man and this woman who cannot survive in partnership, but nevertheless cannot bring themselves to part for ever. Sensitive and highly-aware people have admitted to coming away from the cinema 'shattered' after seeing the three-hour version. The series, spread over a period of weeks on television, was more diluted in its effect.

On the evidence of such films as these, we can claim that the cinema has undoubtedly reached in recent years an altogether maturer level in presenting, portraying and interpreting the relationship of the sexes. We can be thankful for that. It is, no doubt, a product of the new age of frankness in discussion and exposure of this most difficult area of human affairs. Now it has started, the cinema can scarcely turn back on itself, or retreat into its former immaturity. It will be interesting to see how much further it can go in revelation. □

hates her for her class, despises her as a woman, and finally beats her into submission to his will – morally, domestically and sexually. She becomes his slave, but at the same time she falls absolutely under his masculine spell and believes herself in love with him. No holds are barred in language or treatment on either side, but the film, of all those I have mentioned, is the most crudely romantic in conception. It is a modern man's (or, in fact, a modern woman's) version of that polite social comedy, Barrie's *The Admirable Crichton*, which was first adapted as a film as early as 1919 by Cecil B. De Mille with the title of *Male and Female*, and later remade in far more genteel style with Kenneth More and Diane Cilento in the parts played now with every physical crudity by Mariangela Melato and the bearded Giancarlo Giannini. The relationship is changed from one of gentle irony (Crichton was, after all, a very superior and intelligent butler of the old school, and also a 'gentleman' of good manners with an elegant command of English self-expression) to a savage, almost Neanderthal bluntness.

Why, in a period when Women's Lib is so in evidence, and accepted by well-disposed and suitably 'liberated' males, should we be treated to this reversion to caveman sexual politics? It is by superior muscle-power, and not by persuasion, that this Sicilian subdues and 'possesses' the woman, and in so doing discovers a form of love. I say a form of love because when, as inevitably happens, they are rescued by some passing ship, the woman reverts immediately to her former, privileged way of life, leaving the man now to experience loss – since he fails in his attempts to persuade her to leave her spouse and return with him to renew their passionate life of primitive isolation in the Mediterranean sun. She proves to be the realist and he the romantic.

Swept Away is basically an old-fashioned film remodelled to suit a modern audience's taste for direct sexual excitement and its more violent forms of expression. It no doubt satisfies what I have called the deep-down, Neanderthal man-woman relationship in which force becomes the advocate of attraction, and in which regard (if not affection) follows on physical conquest in fully-endowed, sensual beings of opposite sexes. It is the modern version of the old 'cave-man' joke, even of the romanticised form of this which Valentino represented when, dressed in sheik's clothing, he ran off with and (presumably) raped or seduced his only-too-willing female conquests. It was a clever move by Lina Wertmuller to introduce politics into her modern cave romance, and enable her hero (or anti-hero) to accompany every subduing blow he gives the woman with a catalogue of the communist's deeply-felt grudges against the wealthy bourgeois class.

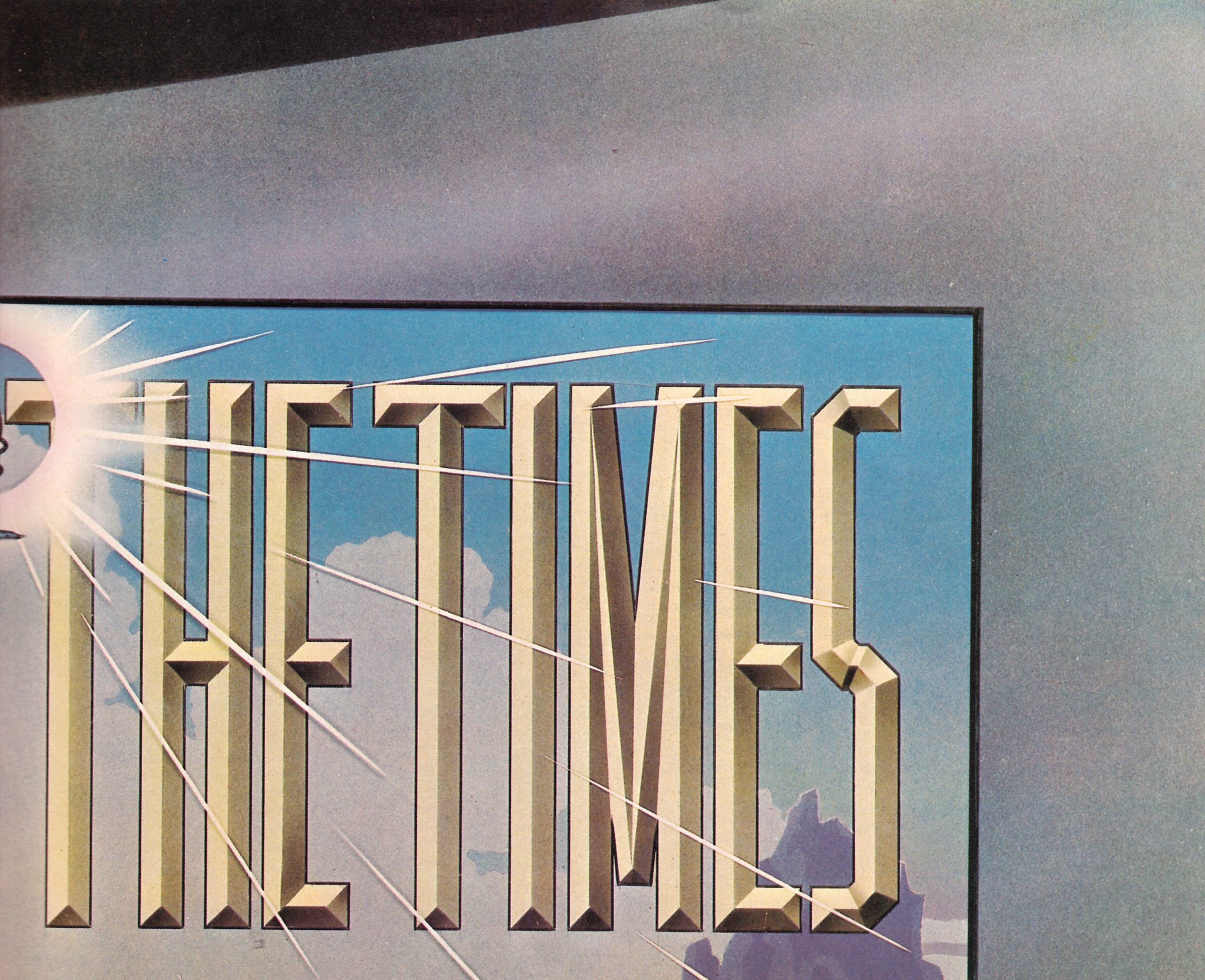
Swept Away may appear to be a proletarian's *Last Tango in Paris*, but the latter, much-acclaimed, Franco-Italian production – still in current distribution after four years – is of an altogether different significance. Nevertheless, sexual assault once again turns out to be the basis for romance, and Neanderthal man a romantic in wolf's clothing. Just as Giannini's bearded brute proves a romantic loser in *Swept Away*, coldly deserted by the woman without whom he has come to feel he can no longer live, so in *Last Tango in Paris* it is Marlon Brando, playing to the life a disillusioned, middle-aged American with a powerful, last-stand sexual drive, who caps his violence with a proposal of marriage which appals the girl he has so violently seduced (admittedly with her active participation) driving her in the end to murder him.

The strange outcome is that this film has become, in effect, a 'woman's picture', given high marks by women critics and praised by women intellectuals. This might be due to the traditional ambivalence of attitude some women seem to adopt to rape (including the familiar jokey reactions of those who think themselves neglected) until they come to realise better the harsher facts of rape, about which women with a more realistic understanding are now publishing books. *Last Tango in Paris* (praised, for example, by Jan Dawson as 'Bertolucci's magnificent achievement') is what it is by virtue of its exposure of man's delusions about his own desires, which make him at once the romantic and the aggressor, the gourmet and the devourer, the poet and the predator of sex. Thus romance and realism join in such films as *Swept Away* and its profounder partner, *Last Tango in Paris*, and women perhaps feel some sad triumph as Jeanne guns down her assailant and prepares her story of desperate resistance to her 'rape by a stranger' for the police. The last tango she performs with him as he finally pours out his dreadful story in her horrified ears and pleads for marriage proves to be a dance of death.

In a period when the Women's Liberation movement has become

Rothmans
When you know

MIDDLE TAR GROUP As defined in H.M



conviction – for example in Ingmar Bergman's *The Silence* or in Luis Buñuel's *La Belle du Jour*.

But in the 1970s vast, international audiences have devoured films like Bernardo Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris* (1972) or, more recently, Lina Wertmuller's *Swept Away* (1975), films which, in spite of their differences, are closely related in their handling of the sexual confrontation of man and woman; while the minority public have seen Dusan Makavejev's *W.R. – Mysteries of the Organism* (1971) and Bergman's *The Touch* (1970) – made in English with Elliott Gould and Bibi Andersson – and his *Scenes from a Marriage* (1973). These films leave little unexposed about the relationship of the sexes, and are films which it would have been inconceivable even 15 years ago to show with international acclaim. Another film of some importance was Jean Eustache's *The Mother and the Whore* (1973), a film which, like *Mysteries of the Organism*, though relatively widely shown, was of a kind which would nevertheless only reach the more sophisticated audience.

Swept Away is the only film among these to be made by a woman. Lina Wertmuller has been directing for some considerable time in Italy, but only recently – and this through the sensational success of *Swept Away* – has she started to make films reaching wider, international audiences. *Swept Away* tells the story of a shrewish woman of the Italian patrician class – rich, privileged, loud-mouthed, unmannerly, and with a neo-fascist political outlook – who, by an accident of fortune, finds herself alone on a small, uninhabited island in the Mediterranean with a Sicilian of the lower classes, a proletarian with strongly left-wing views, a humble member of the crew on her husband's ocean-going yacht. He has been detailed to row her to an island rendezvous to bathe when they are overtaken by an impenetrable mist, and are finally only able to survive by landing the following day, untraced, on this refuge of rock and sand. The spoilt woman, who has nothing on but a bathing-wrap, continues to play the rôle of the dominating employer of an utterly inferior human being until she finds herself up against the superior wits and the sheer physical strength of this man who

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LONG DISTANCE LOVE

by Rachel Cavendish

The fact that your lover is away for the greater part of each year need not inhibit your sexual relationship or restrict your love-life. On the contrary, it can make it more inventive, exciting and fulfilling, as is graphically illustrated here . . .

My lover is a travelling man. We meet no more than once a month, the rest of the time we're thousands of miles apart. Yet we make love at least twice a week. Our separation, which could be damaging, is used to build an exciting sexual relationship. We make love long-distance with erotic tapes and letters, photographs and phone calls. How does it work? I'll tell you about the start of my year.

Joe flew in early on New Year's Day and we spent the whole day in bed – and that just has to be the only way to start off the New Year. In the evening I drove him out to the airport. We were in the bar drinking Brandy Alexanders, the first time I'd tasted that incredibly smooth, sexy drink. It made me want Joe again, to take him in my mouth, feel the hardness of him, the heat, the slight stickiness.

Joe knew. He took my glass – there was about an inch of liquid left in it – and disappeared: but not to the bar. Minutes later he came back, the glass a little fuller. He had come in the glass for me. The flight call came through and he left me in the bar drinking the perfect erotic cocktail.

A few days later I made this tape for him.

Tape One – London, Sunday, January 4. From Rachel to Joe.

I'm in the bedroom now, in front of the mirror. My skin is the colour of fresh milk and I'm naked except for the long, black silk gloves, the ones you bought for me last year. Do you remember them? How I would silk-stroke you all over. Hands, mouth, breath, all competing to give you pleasure.

You are still inside my mind. I cup each breast, pressing them together as if you are here. You love to come between my breasts, sliding between their fullness. For me, the total pleasure of both feeling and seeing your hardness.

For a moment I don't move, enjoying the weight of my breasts, their yielding softness as I press my fingers into them. By lifting them slightly and bending my head, my tongue is reaching the nipple. I'm you, brushing my tongue against them, barely touching. Now sucking, gentle at first, then the sharper pleasure of bitten flesh.

I want you – my breasts are swollen, ultra-sensitive, the nipples almost red. There is a feeling of weight, of damp, dull aching at the top of my thighs.

My hands are moving down my body, over the roundness of the hips, that incredibly soft skin inside my thighs. I take off one of the gloves and slip my finger inside – it's wet, very wet. Oh, I want you, your hard sex pushing against the whorls of soft flesh inside me. You fill me up so beautifully, so completely. I squeeze my love muscles, wanting to feel you even more. I am running honey. I want you every way, now inside me, now between my breasts, now lapping at me, burying your face between my thighs.

With my other hand, still in black silk, I'm pressing down on the swell of my mound of Venus, now rubbing the lips, now the clit, the right friction of the silk against soft swollen flesh. Oh yes, now baby, now, I'm coming . . . the unbearable tension, the muscles' involuntary spasm around my finger, your cock, your beautiful hard cock . . . the feeling I can't stop as if some warm fluid is invading the whole of my body.

I'm with you now, feel close. And, like when we're together, this first time is just taking the edge off wanting you. Look in the mirror, the sexual flush, labia swollen, damp velvet pink, shining with the visible moisture of love juices, with wanting you.

On the chair is the jumper you left, unwashed from the last time you wore it, the red one. I'm putting it on now. The scratchy wool rasps against my nipples, lightly scores the soft, sensitive flesh of my belly. On the bed now, face down, the rough wool bunched up between my thighs. I'm pressing against it, the curve of my breast flattened. I want to feel the weight of you on me, want you to take me from behind, plunder me, ravage me. My fingers inside are you . . . I'm almost there, oh yes, yes, I love you.

How can I tell you how much I miss you? . . . but then I just have. Thoughts of you start with a frightening tenderness that changes in an instant into lust.

On the way to the airport you said maybe it was time for us to experiment a little, maybe take another girl into our bed. You want to watch me go down on a girl. I'm not sure how I feel about that: does that mean I should try it, then? Tell me what you think.

Be happy and well, lover, and talk to me soon.

Phone call – Washington, Thursday, January 8. From Joe to Rachel.

"Your tape's great, it got here just in time, I'm leaving for Brazil in an hour. Can you talk?"

"There are people in the office, but I can listen."

"Okay, sweetheart, tell me what you're wearing."

"Yellow cashmere jumper, black skirt, black boots."

"Right, now, I'm pulling the jumper out of the skirt, squeezing your breasts, my tongue is exploring your mouth, finding the softnesses, the hard ridges, the wetnesses. Pulling your skirt down over your hips. Kissing, sucking, licking each part of you. I want you to touch yourself between your legs. It's my hand feeling you there."

"Joe, I'm at the office, there are people here."

"It's okay. Pull your chair right up to the desk, slide forward just a little. Now put your hand there."

"It's there, but you must do the same for me."

"My mouth knows each part of you, each inch of your skin. My cock knows your face, your mouth, your lips, your other lips, your navel, your pussy. Put your fingers inside now . . . are you wet, baby? Tell me how wet you are."

"Very wet."

"I'm kissing your other lips now, sliding my tongue along the slit. Now your clit is right inside my mouth, you know I love the taste of you, I'm flicking my tongue against you, making you come and never stop coming.

"Now you're on top of me, riding me, caressing my balls, that special soft place behind them. Touch yourself for me, faster now.

"Inside you it's so hot and wet, you fuck me beautifully, your muscles clenching round like a fist, you're milking me. Tell me where you want me to come, in your mouth, your breasts, all over your stomach, tell me honey, now, now."

"Inside me."

"I did, you're beautiful. Did you come, too?"

"Yes. I'm tasting my fingers now, my boss is looking at me, you know I always flush . . . and it's not even hot in here today."

"Listen, I think it would be good for you to have a girl, I'm sure you would like it. Anyway, try it for me. Then write to me. I'll be at the usual hotel in Rio de Janeiro for 10 days."

"Yes, I'll try. Take care, lover. Bye."

Some days after the phone call I wrote him this letter.

Letter – London, Wednesday, January 14. From Rachel to Joe.

Are you well and happy, dear Joe? Last time you phoned, you gave me a new erotic task, like you so often do. Could anyone else so finely tune my own sexuality, manipulate me as beautifully as you do?

But how to pull a girl? Maybe I should have asked you for some tips first! It would have been much easier to find a girl who was really into girls, but to find one to be part of our love trio – that was a problem.

My first idea was to ring round my friends and find out in a general way what they think about threesomes. I thought I was being very subtle by pretending somebody had asked me. I spoke to Lindy and Gill first and, being very sharp ladies, they

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saw right through me and said thanks, but no thanks. Chris came next – yes, she'd tried it and hated it.

After lunch I got brave again and rung up Kathy – do you remember her? You met once in the new supermarket in Marylebone High Street. She was kind of interested in the idea, but had never tried it. So as not to frighten her away, I slid off the subject and invited her round to supper on Tuesday.

For me, food is a four-letter word, as you know. Remember that first time you came to dinner? Our third meeting, and I wanted you so much. I was aching for you to take me, but too hung up about getting a rebuff to make the first move. The meal said it all for me. Maybe it would work this time, too.

I took the afternoon off work so I could get everything ready. I was so nervous, the only thing that stopped me from cancelling out was thinking it was for us. What do you wear for such occasions? I settled on my pale pink silk pyjamas: they cover up well and come off fast.

Kathy arrived around 7.30 and looked surprised at the candlelit table and the single rose by each place setting. I was playing a Barry White record – yes, she found those heartbeat rhythms and that low, sexy voice a turn-on, too.

I remember you telling me that aphrodisiac foods can work, providing you tell people about them first! So I told her . . . we started off our meal with artichokes, famous for centuries in France as a love food. Besides, you stop feeling shy when you get into the pleasure of eating: stripping off the leaves, sucking at their juicy parts, then uncovering the fleshy heart to bite into.

You've probably guessed what I served up for the main course. Chicken breasts, coated in sesame seeds, poached in champagne, then served with a creamy sauce that is so redolent of love juices. Ali Baba certainly had the right idea when he said Open Sesame, to get into the treasure cave.

We drank champagne and I told her about the night you and I got drunk on oral loving . . . the best kind of Christmas.

We finished with passion fruit water ice . . . which has to be the nearest thing to instant orgasm. And I told her how we eat water ice together. How I love to take you in my mouth, when it's full of ice. How sometimes you'll rub ice on me, all over, sometimes slip some inside me for a kind of freeze-burn erotic sensation, when you find an icy shock at the end of a loving, warm tunnel.

I was really working hard to keep the conversation on sex. I gave her a glass of Chartreuse, telling her that it did such marvellous things to women that the monks forbade the use of women in advertising it.

By now we were both sitting on the rug by the fire. And I just didn't know how to make the first move – what would you have done, I wondered? She wasn't really in touching distance. She was relaxed and quiet, leaning with her head back against the sofa. I could see the firm tension of the skin on her neck.

She was wearing her hair up. I'd never seen it any other way. That gave me an idea: I asked her if I could take her hair down to see what it looked like. She agreed. Following is exactly what happened.

Her hair is long, almost waist-length, very fine soft hair, a reddish gold colour. I know you would love to have it wrapped around you, a tangle of silk around your hardness. As I take down her hair I massage the back of her head, then her neck. She is perfectly still, except for small sighs, slight tremors. I am so frightened of spoiling things by a clumsy move – is this how you feel with a new girl? Then we kiss.

It's so strange, such a soft kiss, almost insubstantial, softer lips than I had known. I undo the sash of my pyjamas so they fall open and she kisses my breasts. We take off our clothes, and she feels so fragile, so small in my arms. I want to go down on her. Will she stop me? I slither down her body, caressing each part. I kneel on the floor between her thighs. I spend a long time licking the soft flesh of her inside thighs. She doesn't break the spell.

I breathe in the musky scent. Is this how I am to you? For a moment I look at her, as I have so often looked at myself in a hand mirror. But this is different, a gold crisp of pubic hair, where mine is dark, almost blue-black. I skim the tip of my tongue along the crevice, then open her up. Suck each lip into my mouth and gentle it with my tongue. I lick the length of that thin, raised line.

She tastes different from me, or is it because I've only tasted me on your lips, on my fingers. She seems almost salty.

She is pulling back the hood of her clit, as I would for you. I know that she really wants me and I suck her in. Lips tightly around so she's firmly held and my tongue vibrates faster and faster against her. I feel that faint trembling in the hollow of her knee that tightens into spasms of pleasure, and then her cries.

Now she's lying on top of me, rubbing clit on clit, her fingers so small inside me – but so skilful they are almost like my own fingers – and she brings me to a slow, concentrated orgasm.

How did I feel? Somehow this evening has been one of intense sensual, rather than sexual pleasure. Like the prelude, not the main work. Is it because I was holding back, a kind of self-consciousness, making me too analytical? All I know is that at the end of the evening I still wanted your hardness, wanted to feel you rough-ride me, the way your hands pull me to you just before you erupt deep inside me.

Don't forget you promised me some new pictures. I'd like one of you wearing that gold cock ring – a close-up, of course! I would send you all my love, but you have it and more, as you must know by now, my darling . . . Rachel.

Telegram – Montreal, Thursday, January 22. From Joe to Rachel.
Meet me in Paris – George V Hotel – Sunday January 25 – bring your camera – love Joe.

And, of course, I will go to meet him and it will be beautiful. We've used our time apart to become sexually closer, all the time communicating, building, sharing.

Next time your lover's away, don't mope. Remember that long-distance loving could bring you much, much closer than you've ever been before. □

Nobody would ever guess Angie's consuming interest in life by looking at her. Still, looking at her is a pleasure in a class all of its own. Angie is a white witch – or is studying to be one. It takes years, apparently, to acquire all the knowledge necessary.

"Witchcraft has a very bad name – even today, when people are so much more tolerant than they were. Basically, it's just the continuation of the old earth religion that was here long before Christianity arrived. It's also a medical thing: long before there were doctors, people either cured themselves, died or consulted a witch! It involves knowledge about people, about the earth, about communion with things beyond this earth and about plants and herbs that can cure various ailments. Homeopathy is almost like the curative side of white magic: homeopathists cure by prescribing in tiny doses the kinds of substances that would cause the patient's symptoms if given in large doses. What examples can I give you? Well, arsenic for stomach cramps and ipecacuanha for vomiting are two that spring to mind. The only difference is that the white witch grows and picks her own herbs with an amount of ritual: certain herbs have to be picked under certain aspects of the moon, for

IN PRAISE OF SMALLER MEN

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hand, his balletic performance became more pointed – like a stage sword fight, you suddenly found his rapier at your breast. Dick Stilgoe: 'A girl giggling helplessly is by definition helpless. Her defences are down, and from defences to knickers is but a step'.

Breathless with mirth I would tumble into my little actor's arms. And the enjoyable manipulation didn't end there. Sometimes he would roll me about on the bed helpless in the tangles of his tickling, teasing and tantalising, till the detumescence of laughter turned imperceptibly to the mounting excitement of knowing I was being played upon like a musical instrument. And when it came to fingerwork he knew how to make me produce a lovely tune. Being dominated with such subtlety is a pleasure.

Small feet all the better to dance with you; small hands all the better to make love to you with. Small, swift, capable hands excite me even to watch. The feel of light, confident finger-tips and palms, expert in the exploration of delicate skin, soft moist crevices, sensitive little protuberances and other female attributes: surely much better than a pair of vast, horny hams. Small men have hands designed for loving women. Small hairdressers, dress-designers, musicians – watching their hands at work sets me thinking what else they could do with those skilful fingers. My favourite pint-sized pianist may practise his scales up and down me any day.

And still dwelling on the bodily delights of smaller men, if you are discriminating you may find one with a real peach of an ass. He may be a bit narrow across the chest, boyish beyond his years in the upper arm, but below the hips he is sheer heaven; the roundest, firmest couple of fruity handfuls that fall easily within your grasp whether you are walking hip to hip or standing face on, cunt to cock. I love to let my hands in secretly by the back of his trouser waistband, to grope downwards between the lightly hairy cheeks until I hook my fingers into the warm, damp cleft that leads between his thighs; all the time keeping his rising cock clamped to my gently rotating belly, and his easily accessible mouth occupied with my tongue. It can only be done if your arms can reach round his body and your bodies match from lips down to the knees.

And if you love dressing up your men as I do, you're in clover. All the greatest French and Italian fashion is intended for minute Mediterraneans. Big men often look ridiculous in anything too way-out, but somehow the small man with his poise and panache can carry anything off; skinny-sweaters, high-waisted slacks, jewel-coloured velvet, dungarees. About the only thing he won't get away with is a big-brimmed hat. Small women also know to their cost that they make us look like an elf under a toadstool.

I would be unfair if I didn't admit that tall, slim men look good in their clothes, too, though anything above 40 is one hell of a hunt in the racks, but they lack one great advantage of smaller men – you can't swop clothes. It is one of my delights to share clothes with a lover – to wear each other's shorts, trousers, ties (I can't get into a man's jacket, I haven't the shoulders, and I have too much elsewhere). Sharing clothes is an expression of intimacy, of that identification which I feel in love affairs. My love of men is not confined to their charm and utility as sex objects, I'm also fascinated by what it must feel like to *be* a man; I want to get inside his skin (even perhaps his foreskin, and know what it feels like to make love to women). Failing the absolute transference, we change clothes; there is a secret pleasure in knowing that under his trousers his cock and balls are bulging out of my smallest stretch-lace panties. I like to play at dressing my smallest lovers in my skirts and dresses. Strangely they look larger and even more butch in pink silk or satin. Sadly too they rarely get the frisson a large man does out of women's clothes: in their youth they probably dressed up as girls for their school plays.

Once I lived with a lovely slim-hipped tele man who never could remember to go and collect his clothes from the flat of the previous girlfriend; he just wore mine. (It was the time that it was fashionable for women to dress butch in men's suits, kipper ties and fedora hats.) Once, to my fury, I discovered he had gone off to the studio in my favourite treacle-coloured velvet pants. Furious I stormed out there – "You're wearing the best trousers," I ranted, "and I'm going somewhere important tonight." *Honteux et confus* he immediately began to take off the offending trousers, and we swapped there and then in the office.

But delightful though they are to dress, it is undressed and in bed that the small man is supreme. I've never met a small man who didn't cuddle as comfy as a fur-wrap. I've met big men who cuddled, too – but like a polar bear or a wet horse blanket; I felt suffocated and swamped. A small man will nestle his head into my shoulder, hook a thigh over my hip (or mine over his) and we sleep calm, close and interlocked as the babes in the wood. Small men don't generate heat the way big men do; they don't stick to your skin wherever you touch. A small man can roll all over you without making you feel as though you were coming hot off the presses or being crushed into the tarmacadam.

In bed with a man your own size you have at least an 80% chance of controlling the destination of the bedclothes, rather than being subjected to dramatic climactic changes with each seismic eruption of the Herculean shoulders at your side. I've clung like a climber on the North face of the Eiger with the wind whistling round my exposed kidneys, only to be plunged into the tropical rain forests as he turns and I am engulfed like some helpless marsupial sucked back into the maternal pouch. I'd rather have a man to cuddle than a teddy or a hot-water bottle, but with a big man I get the feeling that it is me playing teddy in his vast embrace, and

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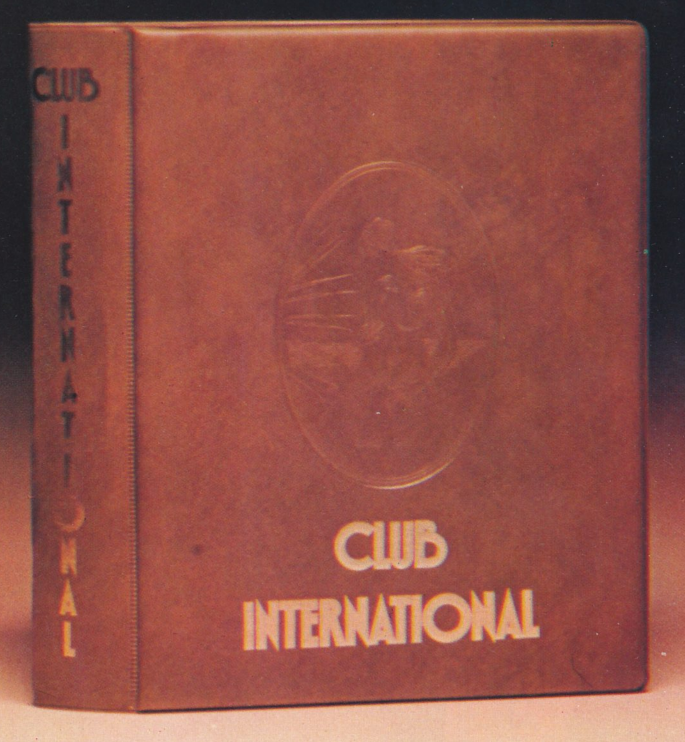

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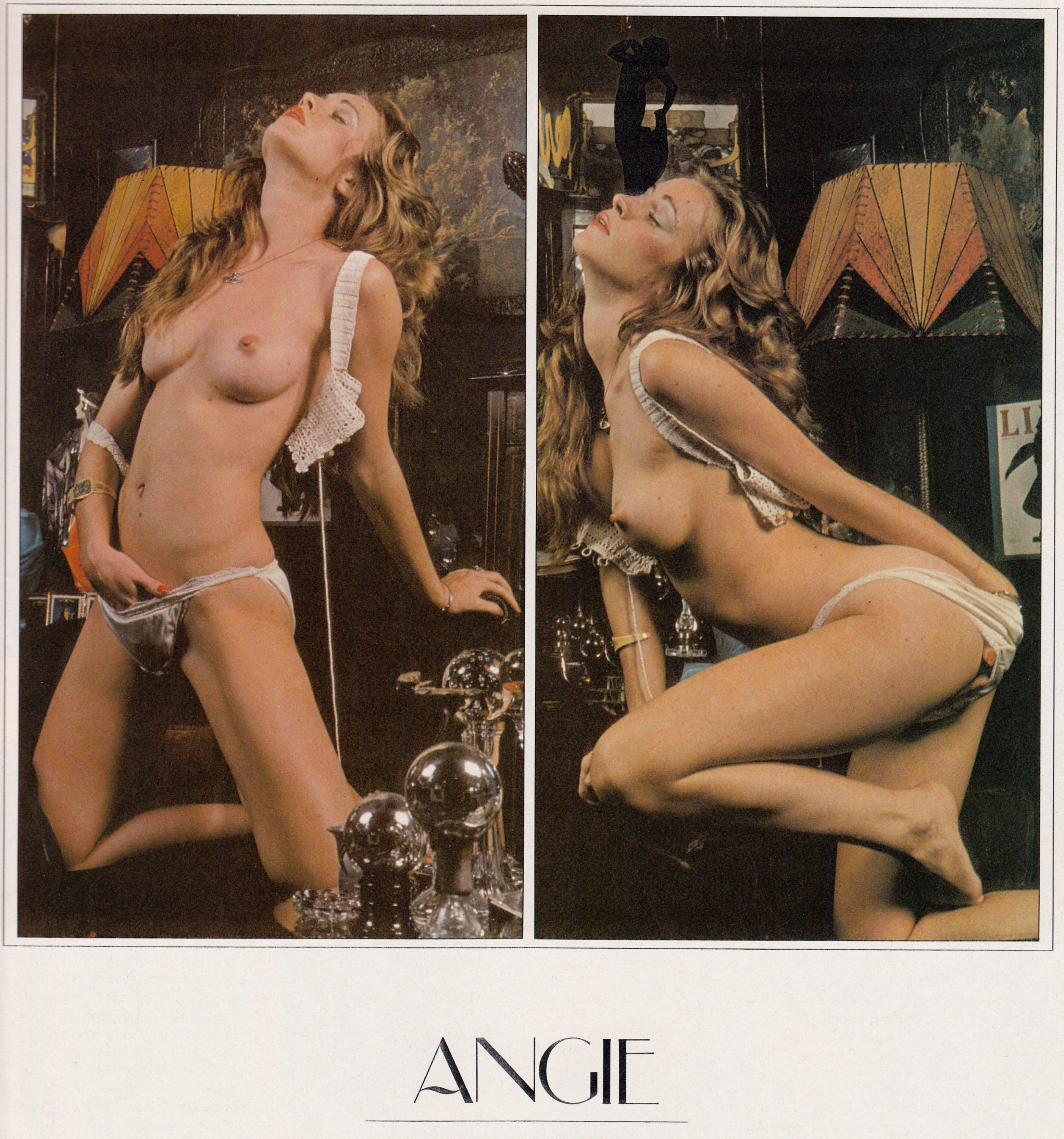


ANGIE

Photographed by Olivia

her hands and stares closely. The green gleams unbroken.

"You wouldn't like to be an angel and undo it for me, would you?" she says.

I put down my beer. I heave a sigh. Then I walk across the room.

"All part of the service," I say.

She blows on her fingernails. Her eyes flutter vaguely. She glances from the parcel to me and then she smiles sweetly.

"My nails," she says. "The string against my nails. It's really too much."

I untie the string. I unwrap the parcel. It's a large box and the lid is real fancy. There's a green dress inside it.

"For the dinner tonight," says the lovely Missus de Vere-Baker. "I thought it might match my fingernails."

"Oh, it does, love. It does."

She looks at her fingernails. They're shining like cat's eyes. She blows on them again and then seems satisfied.

"Such a bore," she says vaguely.

I just stand there waiting. I mean, she's sexy for her age. At least, in *my* state, they're *all* sexy – and she's one of them. So, I just stand there. The heat's in the air. Me pecker's not twitching, but it's warm, and that's fair enough . . .

She picks up the dress. It's all green and it shimmers. She holds it in front of her, presses it to her body, and suddenly all her curves come into view, she seems to ripple and glide.

"Lovely," I say, licking my lips. "I mean, that's really lovely."

She holds it to her body. She gazes right down it. One slim leg is outstretched, the foot in high heels, tantalising. She presses the dress to her body and seems deep in thought.

"You think so?" she says. "You really think so?"

"Yes," I say. "I think so."

She looks up at me then. She gives me a smile. She seems shy and brassy at once. I feel the old pecker twitching.

"You're *not* in such a rush, are you?" she says. "I mean, I'd just like to try it on and make sure it fits . . ."

Well, I don't give a stuff. I mean, she's covering the meter. I can just hang around, have me beer, have a rest, and if she wants me to take it back, I'll take it back. No skin off *my* nose.

She gives me a grateful smile. She rushes out of the room. She sticks her head back around the door, smiling sweetly, a schoolgirl.

"Make yourself at home, won't you?" she says. "Have some more beer. I shan't be long."

She disappears. I scratch at my balls. Me pecker's twitching, but it don't know where to go. It wouldn't mind following her.

Well, I don't know. I mean, a middle-aged bint. I mean, a lovely, rich, exciting middle-aged bint who could drive me up the walls without trying. I don't know what I'm coming to.

I have another beer. It's bleedin' foreign and it's strong. I start feeling drunk which means I start feeling randy and that isn't a good way to be – at least, not when you're not in bed. So, I explore the room.

I examine this queer gadget on a table. I must admit, I've never seen its like before. It's got a box-like wooden frame with strings hanging from two sides and silver balls dangling from the strings. It's called Archimedes' Cradle, would you believe.

Well, I tell you, I've got a filthy mind, and what I think about these balls you wouldn't credit. Anyway, I cradle them in me hand. They feel cool and I giggle. I think of me own balls hanging down below, growing colder because of lack of use. Then I take one of the balls, pull it back a bit, and let it drop against all the others.

The strings snap. The balls fall on the table. They make a hell of a noise and then, to top it all, they roll off the table and hit the floor.

"Oh, Christ!" I exclaim.

One disaster after another. I just can't believe it. I get down on my hands and knees, muttering and cursing, and start crawling about looking for the balls, my heart pumping with nerves. Then suddenly it's all over. I'm almost licking me lady's feet. I look up and she's standing in the doorway. She's looking down and she's blinking.

"Have you *lost* something?" she says.

"Yes, me balls," I say.

She blinks again. I can't get off me hands and knees. I look up and smile just like a puppy dog. I show her a silver ball.

"They fell off," I say lamely.

She blinks again. She doesn't seem to comprehend. Then her eyes go from my face to the ball in my hand, wander back again.

"Oh," she says vaguely. "Never mind. Do you like my new dress?"

I'm still on my hands and knees. I can't move for the sight of her. The dress shimmers and sparkles and shows off all her curves. And believe me, those curves are worth seeing. My prick hardens. My tail wags.

"Oh, yes," I say, barking the words. "I do! Yes, I do."

She turns her back to me. She leans back a little. The dress is unzipped from the neck to the waist. Her spine is suntanned and exquisite. I feel like barking again.

"You couldn't give me a hand with the zip, could you?" she says. "It seems to be stuck . . . and my fingernails . . ."

"Jesus!" I say.

"It's a bit stiff," she says.

"Too right," I say.

"You're so kind," she says.

I climb to me feet. Yes, it's stiff. *And* it's wagging. I reach out for the catch on the zip. Shame to say, my hand's shaking.

"See what you mean," I mumble, hardly daring to breathe. "I mean this zip, it really is stuck. And to think what you paid for it."

"Yes," she says, wriggling, trying to adjust the dress properly, doing a little shimmy for my pleasure, "quality isn't what it used to be."

I fiddle with the zip. I can't get it to budge. She keeps moving about and the dress ripples on her hips, taunting me, luring me on, a regular cock-tease.

"Perhaps if you pull it . . .?"

She wriggles about again. Her lovely arse does a dance. I want to slip my hand in there, run it round to her belly, then let it cruise up to her tits. The pecker's up. It sees reason . . .

"That *had* crossed my mind," I say huskily.

I tug hard at the zip. My other hand's on her hip. She jerks – the dress starts to tear. It rips down past her arse.

"Oh, gawd!" I say.

She stands there exposed. Her back is beautiful as sin. It's suntanned and her waist curves down to broad hips. Her knickers are Persil white.

"Have you done it?" she asks.

"Well, yeah," I say shakily. "I've done it. You might say that."

She wriggles about again. She seems a bit agitated. She shakes her head and her hair drowns her face. Her little arse peeks out whitely.

"Seems a bit loose," she says.

"Well," I say, "actually, it's torn. I mean, you just wouldn't credit it."

She turns around to face me. She quickly peels the dress off her. She seems totally unconcerned that she's standing in bra and knickers and that a ravishing hunk of manhood is right in front of her. She examines the dress. I examine her body. Her face grimaces with distaste. My eyes light up with pleasure. She looks at me, then looks at the dress.

"Well, no *wonder*!" she says.

I just stand there silent. I love her bra, I love her knickers. I love 'em so much, I want to steal them, I want to peel them right off her. Then she looks up at me. She's all forlorn and forsaken. Her tits tremble and her lovely thighs quiver. There are tears in her eyes.

"Oh, dear," she says. "What shall I do?" And then she starts crying.

Well, I'm helpless after this. I mean, I can't resist a tragedy. I'm almost in tears myself at the sight of her. I have to embrace her.

"There, love," I say, taking her tenderly in me arms. "Don't cry, love. Just have a lie down. Have a sleep. You'll get over it."

She puts her face against me shoulder. She's all trembling and woeful. Her breasts flatten against my chest, her thighs warm me. The old pecker darts out.

"It's too awful!" she wails. "It's too awful! I can't bear the thought of it!"

I stroke her soft hair. I stroke her smooth back. I run my fingers lightly down her spine until they touch her sweet knickers.

"Go to bed, love," I say. "It's the only thing to do. You'll waken up and it'll all seem much better. Here, let me take you."

"You're so kind," she sobs. "A real gentleman . . . there aren't many left."

I put my arm around her waist. I take hold of her hand. She leans against me and then we start walking. She shows me the way.

My God, it's a plush room. The bed's like a runway. We lie down and get lost in the sheets. She stops weeping real soon.

"Take me!" she cries. "God, help me forget!"

"I'm taking you," I say. "Don't forget."

"Oh, dear, watch my nails," she says. ☐

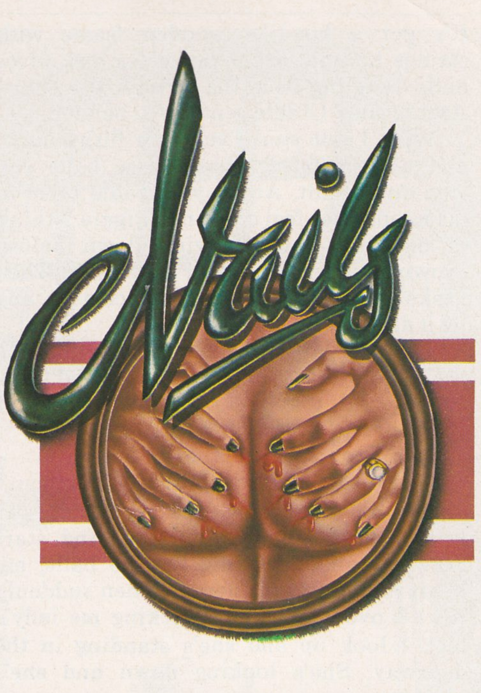
Extracted from Adventures of a Taxi Driver *by Joe North, published by Mayflower Books, based on the Salon Productions film now on general release.*

instance. It's part of our belief and ritual.

"Everybody thinks of witches flying around on broomsticks with their 'familiars' by their sides, putting the evil eye on people and holding naked orgies at the festivals. It's just not true. For a start, the flying bit. There is a herb which, if rubbed on the skin during a state of trance, produces a feeling like flying. Witches are ordinary people – their familiars were undoubtedly just pets. It's true we meet on days that are sacred to us, but so do Christians, and nobody would dream of saying that there's any sexual purpose behind it. Of course there isn't – and nor is there behind our meetings, whatever you may read in the Sunday scandal sheets.

"Meditation plays an important part in the way we conduct our lives. It is important for us to know ourselves and not be afraid of our own personalities – it also increases our power to help people. When we are curing someone, it is not just the medicines which do the work. It is the herbs in conjunction with the concentration on producing the right state of mind in the patient. If he doesn't want to get well, or if his state of mind is hindering the cure, all the medication in the world is not going to help. Conventional medicine is only just beginning to realise that a state of mind can produce a physical reaction – we've known it for centuries. We used to talk about evil spirits possessing a man's soul – now we call it depression. Just different words for the same thing."

Would it be too much of a pun to say that we came away under a spell? ☐



Nails

by Joe North

I thought it would just be another delivery, but I ended up on the receiving end . . .

God bless the rich. This flat is most elegant. It's just behind the store that I came from, which makes it a plush pad. So, I press the bell. I'm shivering with cold. I'm thinking that it's nice to have such service, not so nice to serve. I press the bell again. The bitch is taking her time. Then I hear the sound of footsteps and the door opens. She's middle-aged and she's elegant.

I nod and grin. I make the grin really boyish. I fill my eyes full of innocence in the hope that she'll give me a good tip. She studies me and I study the parcel, taking my time. Then, finally satisfied, I look up. Her hair's dark and her eyes glitter.

"Missus . . . de Vere-Baker?" I say.

"Yes," she says.

"Right, madam. A parcel for you."

I bow just a little, half-mockingly, flashing my teeth. Her eyes look me up and down, come to rest on my face, start devouring me.

"Mmmm," she says slowly, as if deep in thought. "Bring it in, would you?"

I walk close behind her. A nice figure there. You'd never twig her age from that arse there. Her waist is a beauty.

We enter a large room. It's so rich it stinks. The drapes are pure velvet, the furniture's antique, and the carpet's deep enough to drown a dog in. My God, some still have it!

"If you'd just like to pop it down over there," she says.

She's pointing to a chair. She has beautiful hands; she has the sort of long fingers that could pluck out a tune from the vibrating strings of your cock. She uses very strong perfume.

"I daren't touch it, you see," she says vaguely, waving one airy hand. "It's my nails, you see."

I'm not sure I heard her right, so I blink and say: "It's your *what,* love?"

"Nails," she says, waggling her fingers. "Tropical Green, Number Three."

I looked at her fingernails. I mean, I'm not given much choice. I look at 'em and they're long as Spanish daggers and the green is pure vomit.

"Looks more like *Bethnal* Green to me," I say, nervously laughing.

She doesn't respond. She just keeps holding her hand up. She seems to be hypnotised by the sight of her fingernails.

"The second they're dry," she says, "I'll be able to pay you. But I daren't touch anything while they're like this."

You just wouldn't credit it. I mean, they think they own the world.

"That's all right, love," I say, smiling smarmily and creeping low. "You just stand there and dry off. I'm in no hurry."

She looks away from her nails. She waves her hands delicately. She gives me a slow, frosty smile, looks me up, looks me down.

"Would you care for a drink while you're waiting?" she says.

"Er . . . no," I say, starting to feel strangely nervous. "I mean, I'm driving. Thanks all the same."

"Not even a cold beer? Something like that?"

I'm going to be here for hours. I can see it coming. She's one of these rich tarts who live in a dream world and never know the meaning of time. Stone the crows, I do get 'em.

"Well," I say, thinking I might as well have one, knowing I probably won't get out until I do. "Well, okay, make it a beer, then."

She blows on her fingernails. Her eyelids delicately flutter. She's slim and her breasts aren't too bad. She seems very remote.

"You wouldn't like to get it, would you?" she says.

Well, I'm full of understanding. I mean, her *fingernails* an' all. I mean, if it wasn't for her nails she'd play hostess and serve me a treat. Cor blimey, they're the end. They couldn't drink their own tea. They wouldn't know how to shit if you didn't tell them. I look around for the beer.

"Over there," she says, waving one fragile wrist. "Over there . . . in the drinks cabinet, dear boy."

I wander over to the cabinet. I start looking for the beer. I can't see it for the rainbow of bottles and it's driving me mad.

"Actually, darling," she says behind me, her voice soft and sexy, "you couldn't do me a large Campari with soda while you're there, could you?"

One minute you're a cabbie, the next you're a butler . . . I don't know, I must be as mad as a hatter. After all, I could leave . . .

"Campari?" I say. "What's a Campari? I never *'eard* of the stuff."

"Darling," she says sweetly, "it's in the cabinet. In a bottle. And it's red."

I've found my beer. It's bottled and it's foreign. I put it on the cabinet with the glasses. Then I look for Campari.

"My throat," says Mrs. de Vere-Baker. "My God, it's *parched*!"

I find the Campari. It looks like bleedin' medicine. I unscrew the top and have a sniff. It smells like a morgue.

"Say when," I say, being suave.

"I never do," she says. "Surprise me."

Well, it looks like red piss, so I pour her a large one and fill in the remains with some soda. I feel pretty sharp.

"Ice," she says. "Darling, you forgot the ice."

"Me meter," I mumble. "Me meter's running . . ."

"I'll cover the meter, dear."

I go back to the cabinet. I'm wondering where she keeps the ice. I see a plastic container and I open it and there the ice is. Well, it's real posh. I mean, all the amenities. And the economy's falling flat on its bleedin' face. There are reasons for everything.

"Here," I say. "Campari and soda. And it's topped up with ice."

I'm thirsty myself. I haven't had my beer yet. I'm standing in front of her, I'm holding out her glass, and she flutters up her eyes and looks helpless. I think I know just what's coming.

"You wouldn't be an angel and just slip it between my lips," she says, "would you?"

She doesn't wait for a refusal. She just tips her head back. She pouts her lips and holds both hand before her, fingers loose and nails green. Well, it gets me going, I must confess that. I mean, she's leaning well back, her little breasts are thrust out, and the lips are a sexy invitation. Her tongue licks at the glass.

"So sorry," she says, smiling sweetly when she's sipped, "to put you to all this inconvenience."

"Don't mention it," I say.

Well, she's covering the meter, the bleedin' thing's ticking over, so it's possible I'll be paid for me pleasures. God knows, I 'ave earned it.

"It's just that I always seem to get caught out when someone arrives," she says. "Yesterday it was the television man; the day before it was the plumber. And as for the window cleaner – poor dear, he always catches me in the bath . . ."

I grin at that one. I mean, I *do* have good cause. "Yeah," I say. "I know what you mean." And flash me teeth like a right one.

She smiles slightly. Her eyes drop as if she's modest. I hold up her glass, but she ignores it, she just wanders away. I turn and watch her go. She seems to float on a bleedin' cloud. She drifts over to the parcel on the chair, starts untying the string.

"It's for a dinner tonight," she says vaguely. "My husband's in cement . . ."

I put her glass down on the cabinet. I pour myself the beer. I'm not at all sure that I heard her right. This drink could be vital.

"*Cement?*" I say.

"Yes, darling. Cement."

"Well, I dunno," I say. "Must be uncomfortable for him."

A little laugh, a little giggle. It always works wonders. But it doesn't work wonders on this one. She unties the parcel.

"Raw materials," she says. "It's a presentation dinner. Really quite dreary, but necessary. I'm sure *you* understand."

I have a slug of me beer. It's obvious I'm going to need it. "Oh, yes," I say and have another slug. "Very dreary. Very necessary."

She stops untying the parcel. The work seems to have exhausted her. She picks up

Graphics by Bob Norrington

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IN PRAISE OF SMALLER MEN

by Philippa Pigache

The miniature has its own special charm, appreciated only by the connoisseur of detail. So let us sing the praises of the pint-sized among us, and a hymn to the glory of the pocket Adonis . . .

The bar of the Cheshire Cheese in Fleet Street is choc-a-bloc with giants. They stand 10 deep and apparently 10 foot tall, at the counter, in the hall and on the stairway – a convocation of collossi: a solid phallanx of Bugner-proportioned shoulders shutting out the remaining quota of daylight, not to mention breathable air and any view of the barmaid's bountiful presence. Every now and then in the insentient surge of masculine magnitude, I am lifted from my feet, crushed, and dropped in a different spot – a morsel of medium-sized normality in this Matmos of male bulk. I am on a level with a multitude of armpits. I could have written a treatise on the intricacies of men's tailoring. No-one – but not one Hercules among them – even notices that I am down there!

I could cheerfully have gone to work with a hacksaw and cut them all back to their knees. Everyone a Toulouse-Lautrec, if I'd had my way. Down with giants! Tax them for the extra space they take up, air they breathe, wear and tear on

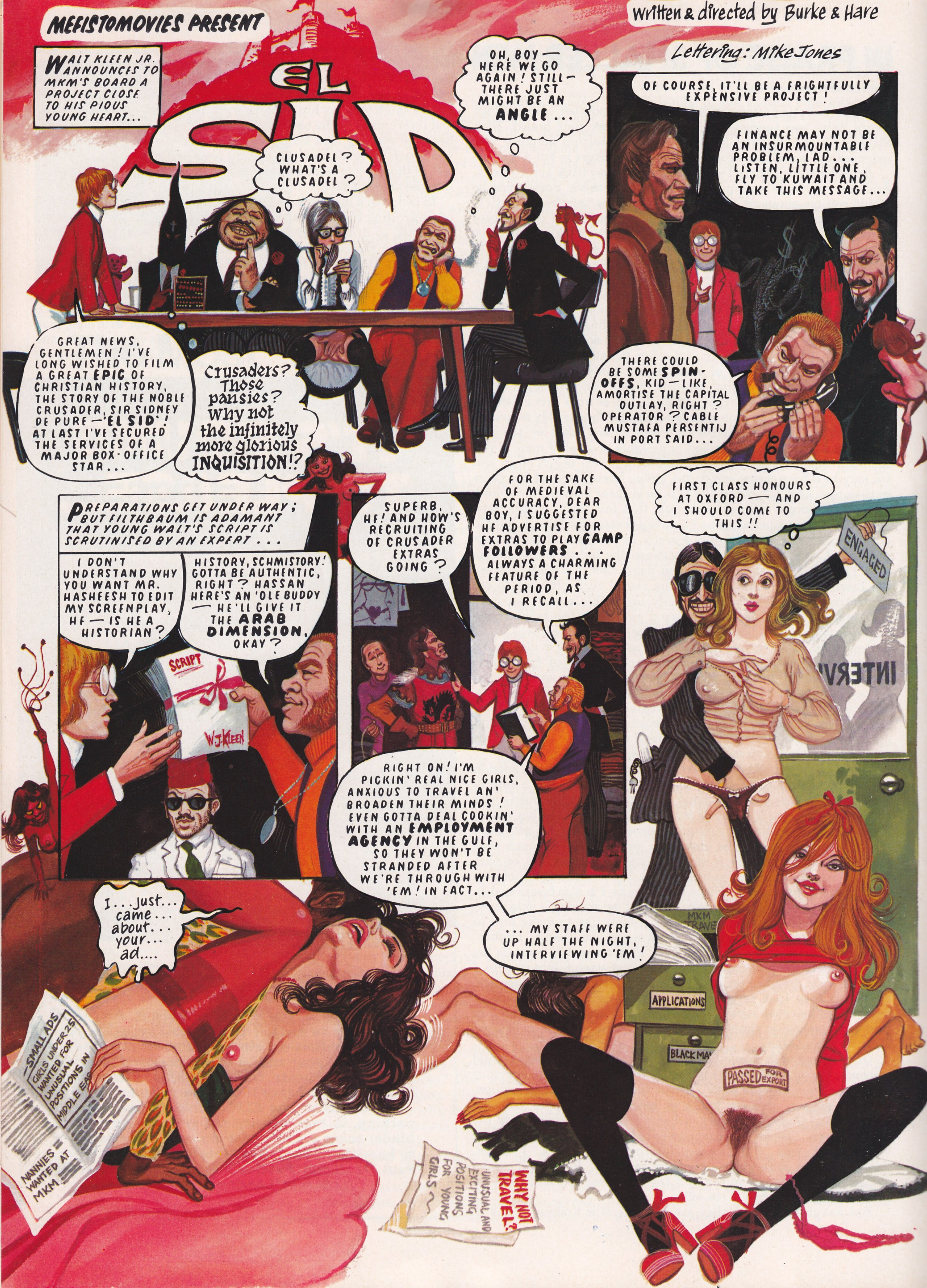
Illustration by James Marsh

MEFISTOMOVIES PRESENT

EL SID

Written & directed by Burke & Hare

Lettering: Mike Jones


WALT KLEEN JR. ANNOUNCES TO MKM'S BOARD A PROJECT CLOSE TO HIS PIOUS YOUNG HEART...
GREAT NEWS, GENTLEMEN! I'VE LONG WISHED TO FILM A GREAT EPIC OF CHRISTIAN HISTORY, THE STORY OF THE NOBLE CRUSADER, SIR SIDNEY DE PURE — 'EL SID'! AT LAST I'VE SECURED THE SERVICES OF A MAJOR BOX-OFFICE STAR...
CLUSADEL? WHAT'S A CLUSADEL?
Crusaders? Those pansies? Why not the infinitely more glorious INQUISITION!?
OH, BOY — HERE WE GO AGAIN! STILL — THERE JUST MIGHT BE AN ANGLE...
OF COURSE, IT'LL BE A FRIGHTFULLY EXPENSIVE PROJECT!
FINANCE MAY NOT BE AN INSURMOUNTABLE PROBLEM, LAD... LISTEN, LITTLE ONE, FLY TO KUWAIT AND TAKE THIS MESSAGE...
THERE COULD BE SOME SPIN-OFFS, KID — LIKE, AMORTISE THE CAPITAL OUTLAY, RIGHT? OPERATOR? CABLE MUSTAFA PERSENTIJ IN PORT SAID...
PREPARATIONS GET UNDER WAY; BUT FILTHBAUM IS ADAMANT THAT YOUNG WALT'S SCRIPT IS SCRUTINISED BY AN EXPERT...
I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU WANT MR. HASHEESH TO EDIT MY SCREENPLAY, HE — IS HE A HISTORIAN?
HISTORY, SCHMISTORY! GOTTA BE AUTHENTIC, RIGHT? HASSAN HERE'S AN 'OLE BUDDY — HE'LL GIVE IT THE ARAB DIMENSION, OKAY?
SCRIPT
W.J.KLEEN
SUPERB, HE! AND HOW'S RECRUITING OF CRUSADER EXTRAS GOING?
FOR THE SAKE OF MEDIEVAL ACCURACY, DEAR BOY, I SUGGESTED HE ADVERTISE FOR EXTRAS TO PLAY CAMP FOLLOWERS... ALWAYS A CHARMING FEATURE OF THE PERIOD, AS I RECALL...
RIGHT ON! I'M PICKIN' REAL NICE GIRLS, ANXIOUS TO TRAVEL AN' BROADEN THEIR MINDS! EVEN GOTTA DEAL COOKIN' WITH AN EMPLOYMENT AGENCY IN THE GULF, SO THEY WON'T BE STRANDED AFTER WE'RE THROUGH WITH 'EM! IN FACT...
... MY STAFF WERE UP HALF THE NIGHT, INTERVIEWING 'EM!
FIRST CLASS HONOURS AT OXFORD — AND I SHOULD COME TO THIS!!
ENGAGED
INTERV
I... just... came... about... your... ad....
SMALL ADS
GIRLS UNDER 25 WANTED FOR UNUSUAL POSITIONS IN MIDDLE EAS
NANNIES WANTED AT MKM
WHY NOT TRAVEL? UNUSUAL AND EXCITING POSITIONS FOR YOUNG GIRLS ~
MKM TRAVE
APPLICATIONS
BLACK MA
PASSED FOR EXPORT

worked on it. My God, did we work on it!"

"Our idea was to be totally self-sufficient," adds Fortune, "but that's impossible, really. So we compromised on certain things. We have to have electricity and we have no water running through our land, so that comes in. We have a telephone – for real emergencies; we're so far from anywhere – but we keep it off the hook most of the time. We have an arrangement with people who have the number that they ring only on Saturday evenings. The trouble is, we sometimes forget when Saturday is!

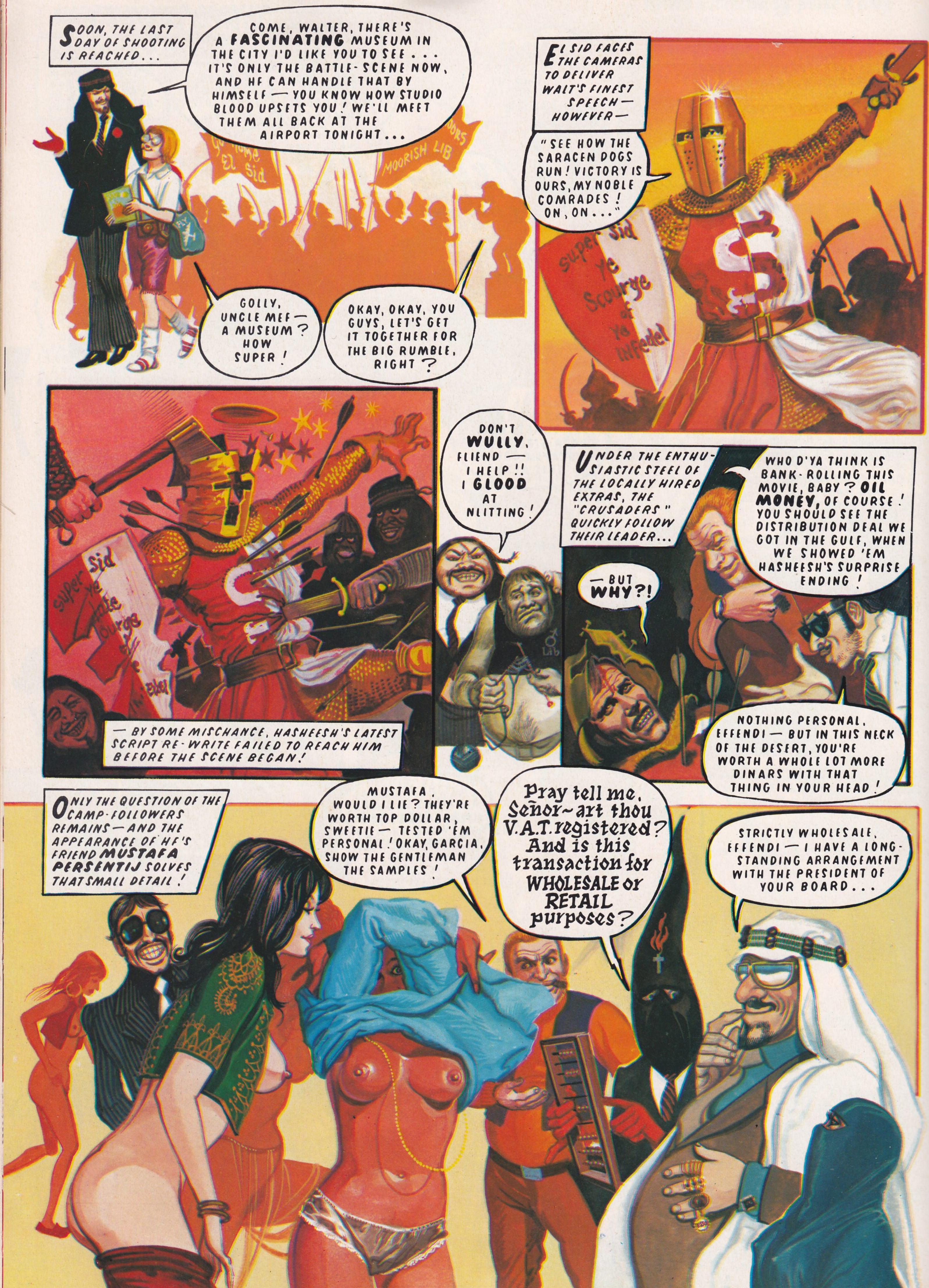
"We have no television or radio and we never see a newspaper. The outside world touches us as little as possible."

And how is their new life working out?

"Well, we've been here nearly three years now, and we have a peace of mind that neither of us ever experienced before."

Don't they ever get lonely?

"No," they say in unison, and Fayme adds, "we've got each other." ☐


SOON, THE LAST DAY OF SHOOTING IS REACHED...
COME, WALTER, THERE'S A FASCINATING MUSEUM IN THE CITY I'D LIKE YOU TO SEE... IT'S ONLY THE BATTLE-SCENE NOW, AND HE CAN HANDLE THAT BY HIMSELF — YOU KNOW HOW STUDIO BLOOD UPSETS YOU! WE'LL MEET THEM ALL BACK AT THE AIRPORT TONIGHT...
Go Home El Sid
MOORISH LIB
GOLLY, UNCLE MEF — A MUSEUM? HOW SUPER!
OKAY, OKAY, YOU GUYS, LET'S GET IT TOGETHER FOR THE BIG RUMBLE, RIGHT?
EL SID FACES THE CAMERAS TO DELIVER WALT'S FINEST SPEECH — HOWEVER —
"SEE HOW THE SARACEN DOGS RUN! VICTORY IS OURS, MY NOBLE COMRADES! ON, ON..."
super Sid ye Scourge of ye Infedel
super Sid ye late Scurge
— BY SOME MISCHANCE, HASHEESH'S LATEST SCRIPT RE-WRITE FAILED TO REACH HIM BEFORE THE SCENE BEGAN!
DON'T WULLY, FLIEND — I HELP!! I GLOOD AT NLITTING!
♂ Lib
UNDER THE ENTHUSIASTIC STEEL OF THE LOCALLY HIRED EXTRAS, THE "CRUSADERS" QUICKLY FOLLOW THEIR LEADER...
— BUT WHY?!
WHO D'YA THINK IS BANK-ROLLING THIS MOVIE, BABY? OIL MONEY, OF COURSE! YOU SHOULD SEE THE DISTRIBUTION DEAL WE GOT IN THE GULF, WHEN WE SHOWED 'EM HASHEESH'S SURPRISE ENDING!
NOTHING PERSONAL, EFFENDI — BUT IN THIS NECK OF THE DESERT, YOU'RE WORTH A WHOLE LOT MORE DINARS WITH THAT THING IN YOUR HEAD!
ONLY THE QUESTION OF THE CAMP-FOLLOWERS REMAINS — AND THE APPEARANCE OF HE'S FRIEND MUSTAFA PERSENTIJ SOLVES THAT SMALL DETAIL!
MUSTAFA, WOULD I LIE? THEY'RE WORTH TOP DOLLAR, SWEETIE — TESTED 'EM PERSONAL! OKAY, GARCIA, SHOW THE GENTLEMAN THE SAMPLES!
Pray tell me, Señor ~ art thou V.A.T. registered? And is this transaction for WHOLESALE or RETAIL purposes?
STRICTLY WHOLESALE, EFFENDI — I HAVE A LONG-STANDING ARRANGEMENT WITH THE PRESIDENT OF YOUR BOARD...

Long, long ago, when Leah was a little girl, she was very unhappy. She was one of those little girls who hide their promise, and that's putting it nicely. Most people, apart from her parents who loved her dearly, would have had no hesitation in saying she was ugly. She was skinny to the point of emaciation, despite the fact that she ate like a horse; her teeth stuck out; her hair was a very strange colour and texture. Pretty dresses did nothing for Leah, orthodontists put braces on her teeth and she spent most of her time lying on her bed reading historical romances.

If you're looking closely at these pictures you'll be asking yourself, as we asked Leah – what happened?!

"I don't know. It was like a fairy story. One day, when I was about 15, I looked in the mirror, and the girl who looked back at me was pretty! I ran downstairs to my parents screaming, 'Look at me! I'm not ugly any more!' They though I was mad. Being fond and loving parents they'd never thought of me as anything but gorgeous anyway. I must have been changing for a while but I hadn't noticed. So now I make the most of being beautiful. No false modesty for me – I know I'm lovely and I try very hard to get lovelier. It's working, too. At this rate I'll be Cleopatra and the Queen of Sheba rolled into one by the time I'm 30!" □

the footpath. Let me have men about me that are small – with them will I sleep a' nights.

My dark thoughts on this day are not new. I suppose they look back to the infant memory of being lost among an unfeeling, unseeing sea of legs; when we couldn't see the face of humanity for its tree-trunks. The business-end of mankind – at least for the majority of social purposes – is at the top. Vast differences of scale cause a basic communication problem and – in this overcrowded world – difference in size remains a great unresolved inequality.

I wonder why, when most physical inequalities get blurred with breeding (there is an inbuilt tendency for genetic extremes in the parents to revert to the norm) there is still so much difference in the height of human beings.

Interbreeding irons out gross racial differences; no doubt we shall all be *café-crème* when that great big melting pot has had a chance to boil out the prejudice. Why aren't we all a comfortable 5′ 8″ tall?

One reason is that basically like mates with like (why else is little me calling out for smaller men?). Long, thin Anglo-Saxons still flock together, as do little ant-footed Mediterraneans, by preference as well as accidental proximity. But another reason is ridiculous sexual prejudice. We are all hung up on the idea that men are big and women small – as much a palpable falsehood as that men are clever and women stupid; men strong and women weak. As with achievement and physical strength, there is more overlap in the middle than at the extremes. Other species don't associate size with sex. Why do we? Even in a primitive existence speed and cunning are the hallmarks of the successful hunter, not size; stamina and stability those of the female rather than smallness.

Jill Tweedie (herself a considerable 5′ 10″) thinks that in throwing off prejudice and sex-stereotypes men and women will eventually breed themselves nearer the same size.

'As men and women discard old saws, stop equating littleness with femininity, largeness with masculinity; as women begin to stretch themselves, accept themselves, even allow that they might be physically strong, then extremes of height will begin to breed themselves out. Tall women will feel no overwhelming need to mate with taller men and therefore produce tall children. Men will cease to feel inferior when matched with a wife a head ahead of them. Freed from looking up or looking down, we can look ahead, choosing for love and compatibility and not from a fear of jeers.'

Roll on the day, although in some ways it would be a pity for yet one more aspect of human variety to be ironed out. Meanwhile men come in all sizes and since convention favours the giants, let me sing the praises of the pocket Apollo.

The catalogue of great little big men is roll-call in the halls of Valhalla. From Caesar to Lord Snowdon, they make it to the top. Okay, growl the big fellas, so they get on because they're pushy and aggressive, always trying to compensate – maybe, but never mind the reasons, they get there. It's my contention and experience that, though large men make great husbands, small men make the best lovers. If other women have not yet mined this seam of fine gold it's only because they suffer from the transatlantic delusion that sheer physical bulk has some sort of intrinsic value.

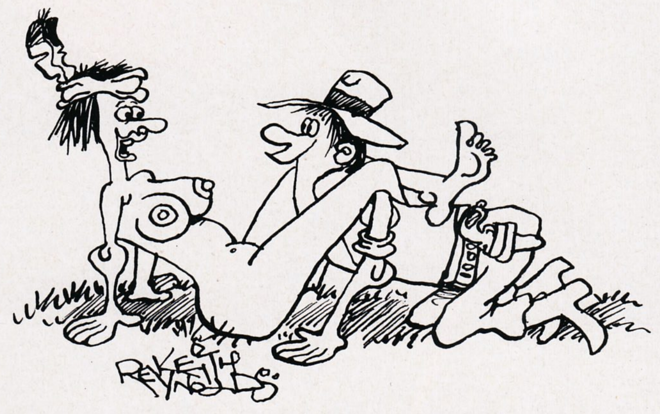
Since size is a relative affair, let me at this point declare my position: I'm at the lower end of middle-sized for Northern Europeans. Mostly Celt, so short-necked and short-assed; at 5′ 5″ only Kalahari bushmen and diminutive Orientals can be guaranteed to look up to me. Amongst Caucasians, small men usually look me in the eye. In fact, apart from a general compactness and neatness in build which is the stamp of the small men I fancy – and we wouldn't waste time talking about men who weren't fanciable, would we? – it is some underlying sense of being well-matched, even of twinning, that makes me prefer a man not too disproportionate to myself. With the present fashion I always have the latitude (or rather longitude) of heels. Four inches liberate me, shoulder to shoulder; down on my ballet pumps I can make even 5′ 7″ feel quite protective.

I sing the song of lovely little men rather as one who, sated with the crowded Côte d'Azure, extols the undiscovered beauty spot, or beach untrampled by the common herd. It's a biological fact of life that larger men are conspicuous – as obvious as Torremolinos – and being so effortlessly noticeable fosters an arrogant or indolent disposition, such as I have also remarked in waiters, guides and other small-change-combers in popular holiday resorts. On the less frequented shores of the half-pint heroes they don't take your patronage or appreciation for granted, nor assume that Madame will automatically come to the mountain.

I love little men in lots of different ways: for the practical advantages of being around with someone near my own size; for the way it makes it easier for me to identify with them (there is a kind of loving which goes with feeling you *are* the beloved, rather than that they are an object to be loved); for something utterly physical about small bodies that makes me want to grab them; for a personality and behaviour pattern which many small men have in common; and for the way they make *me* feel, as a related object.

On the practical (sub-section social) score, small men dance divinely. I spent my indiscriminating youth for ever unhooking my nostril from waistcoat buttons, catching my belt-buckle in flies and having my face-powder swiped by a passing sleeve; forever cricking my neck to gaze at the chin of some Guards officer or demigod of the sports field with a head above the tree-line. I have resolved never to dance again with a man whose chin is above my nose when I stand on my toes. Ballet dancers are matched thus, so that when she stands on her points they are on a par; it looks better for others and means that your conversational parts have contact, not to mention those lower down. Since I have ever found in dancing the vertical expression of the horizontal resolution, I like the activity to start at the extremities and work inward (small men fit even when you are lying down). Besides, it follows that they usually have smaller feet to tread on you with, and there being less distance between the brain and the toes, they invariably dance better as a bonus.

In fact, with the possible exception of getting suitcases on and off luggage racks, or carving a passage through a cup-final crowd, I reckon small men do most things better. Small men, like plain girls, try harder. They have to. From the time they enter school they recognise that it's a competitive world with the dice loaded in favour of the big and strong. Size is at its most significant at junior school level; small boys learn swiftly to avoid getting thumped or pushed around by the big thugs; to charm, dissemble (noticed how many successful politicians are short and pear-shaped?) entertain, (many great funny men first emerged at school) – and, their least endearing characteristic where women are concerned, a natural ability to step smartly sideways. Like a will-o'-the-wisp, a small man is never where you think he is (mentally or physically) and just when you think you have him pinned, he flits.



"Paleface kisses with forked tongue – beautifully!"

But to concentrate on their virtues; many are bred in them just because of the restrictions of their physical size. They are often clowns or wits – and I've been a pushover for men who make me laugh ever since my own dad (a sturdy 5′ 9″) first tickled me under the chubby chin. Richard Stilgoe – 5′ 7½″, neat, blond and clean-cut as the King of Spades on a pack of miniature playing cards, says: 'I've always been a dwarf. I started being funny to avoid being thumped'. The small man survives with his wits; with these he keeps the school bully at bay, and the talent can be as easily converted to winning fair ladies later in life. Perhaps it was because it was never on for the small men to drag us off to the caves by the hair that they developed such enjoyable ways of getting control – the exercise of power without force.

I once knew a little red-haired actor – like Squirrel Nutkin, so bushy-tailed and bouncy. He would dance and strut, spellbind with his quick repartee, his funny gestures, his sudden picturesque postures and movements; you were drawn into the theatrical game, the witty back-chat, and once your attention was in the palm of his

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Leah

Photographed by Tony Currin

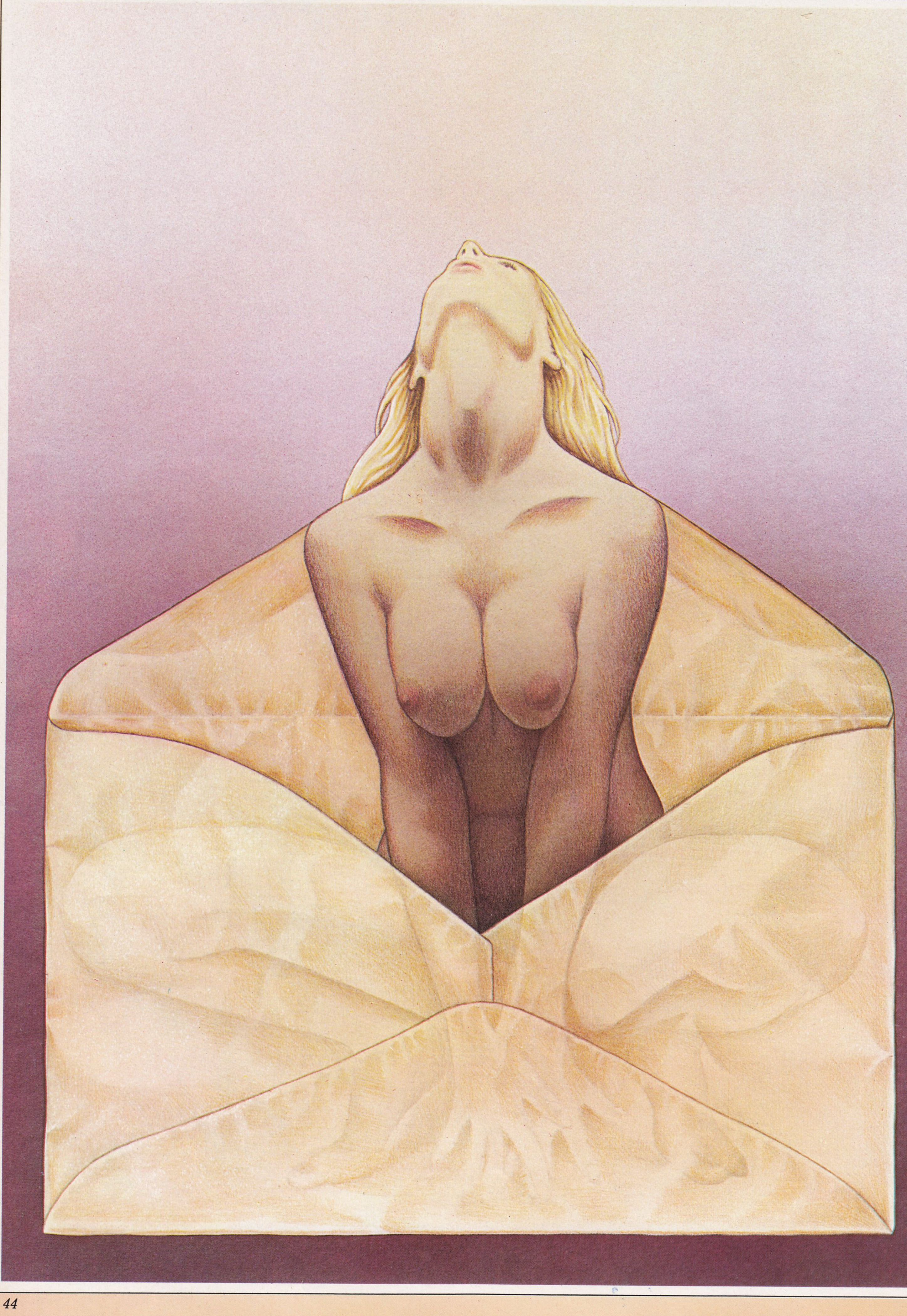


Illustration by George Underwood

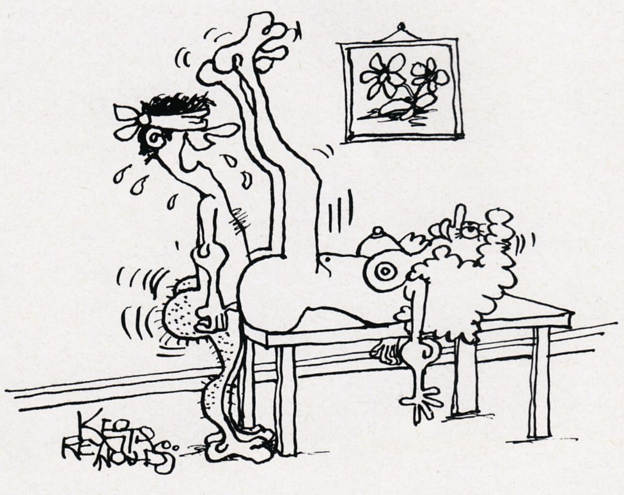
Far from the madding crowd, Fayme and Fortune live a life of almost total isolation. They live it by choice, by conviction and by desire. "When we met," says Fayme, "we'd both knocked around quite a bit, always in an urban environment. We were both town girls, we'd only been to the country on weekend visits. We'd both been hurt very badly and our mental state wasn't too good. We decided to try an alternative way of life. We felt that we wanted to have to rely on other people as little as possible: we felt our own relationship was stable, but little else in the world was. I'd been left a few thousand pounds by a relative, so we went out and looked for somewhere. We found this place, which was in a hell of a state, and we bought it and orgasms with the speed and multiplicity he has been brainwashed by sex magazines into expecting, works himself up into such a state of nervous tension that, instead of being their great mutual joy, sexual relations gradually develop into a kind of psychological battle; and all too often the man becomes partly – even wholly – impotent with his wife, and is compelled to look elsewhere for his sex. But before the onset of impotence, the man frequently passes through a phase during which he finds it necessary to prove to himself that he is no less virile and accomplished a lover than the heroes in the porno books he reads so avidly. It is more than his self-respect can endure to fail this test; therefore his wife *must* have orgasms – and plenty of them. She, because she loves her husband, and because she is sensitive to his unexpressed feelings, is just as concerned; but the more she tries to please him by climaxing, the further away orgasm stays; and, in the end, in sheer desperation and great unhappiness she is driven to feigning orgasm, which is something very few men are ever obliged to do – fortunately for them, since, unlike women, men are expected to produce tangible evidence of their having 'come off'.

Quite often a sexually insecure man becomes so fixated with bolstering his ego through bringing his wife to climax that he loses sight almost completely of the fact that female orgasms are intended 'for her' rather than 'for him'; and if, as usually happens, he fortuitously hits on some particular recipe for making her climax rapidly, he tends to cling to that formula as though it were a lifeline, to the virtual exclusion of all other methods and sequences of excitation: herein lies another cause of eventual marital discord. We have interviewed many a disillusioned wife who complained bitterly about her husband's obsession with bringing her to orgasm and his sad lack of inventiveness. Here, verbatim, is a typical accusation made by a 32-year-old, married for 12 years to a much older man:

'Things were mostly all right until Jim turned 40; then he started getting worried about not being able to hold an erection like he used to. It never bothered me, but it was – and still is – a matter of great concern to him; and I suppose he feels he has to compensate in some way. Just lately it seems as though he wants to bring me off all the while, not just in bed at night, but during the day – and it's almost as though he's got a timetable worked out. For instance, in the morning, I rise first and dress, pack the kids off to school, and then go back into the bathroom to put my face on. I know almost to a second what's going to happen: he gives me just long enough to finish making-up, then I hear him tap-tap-tap on the bathroom door, and in he comes, still wearing his pyjamas. I forgot to tell you – he works mostly at home, so he's seldom worried about time, and is often around the house all day long.

'Well, once he's in the bathroom with me, it's a proper ritual. He locks the door, even though we're now alone in the house; then he does the same things in the same order, like he's done scores of times before. I can honestly predict every single move he's going to make from the time he kisses me, removes my bra and takes out his penis. First, he slowly undresses me – I often wonder why I even bother to put my clothes on in the first place! – and everything has to come off in the same order, with all the usual pauses for all the customary lickings, suckings and caressings on all the usual parts: I can even predict how many times he will thumb each nipple before taking it into his mouth! And so it goes on. Eventually, I have to straddle him with my thighs and press my cunt into his face as he lies on the bathroom floor and masturbates as he brings me to orgasm with his lips and tongue. But even his cunnilingus is predictable: I know just how many times his tongue will flick my clitoris before it goes up into my vagina; and I can sense his growing anxiety if I fail to come off at the right time – the right time for *him*, that is; I don't appear to matter except as a means for him to hold an erection long enough to spunk off!

'Honestly, this routine has become so exasperating that I usually fake an orgasm for him at precisely the time I know he's expecting it. I wonder that he's not suspicious sometimes, because I'm now so irritated that I don't even begin to lubricate. The tragedy is that the first time we had sex like that I experienced one of the most overwhelming orgasms of my life. I wasn't expecting to have sex at all, and the sheer surprise of it was responsible for much of the pleasure; but now, when I hear that dreaded tap-tap-tap at the door, I feel like screaming. I suppose I made a rod for my own back by responding so dramatically; and it wasn't just the first time, in fact we had about a dozen sessions like that before the magic began to wear thin and I found a bit of irritation creeping in to mingle with the stimulation; and once the irritation had begun, it soon took over. For a while I did still reach genuine orgasm, but it was almost against my will; and afterwards I felt no more satisfied than on those dreadful occasions, shortly after we were married, when Jim used to shove it up me, come off, and then turn over and go to sleep. Fortunately, that situation didn't last for long, because I bought Jim a Sexual Encyclopedia one Christmas, and we read it together and profited by the sound advice it contained about foreplay; but now we've arrived at a situation where it's *all* foreplay – foreplay for *his* pleasure, not mine – and I feel I'm back to square one, with Jim simply using my body, and with no real interest in me as a person. It seems as though my orgasms are vitally necessary to him, and because of this he's come to regard them as though they were his property, if you know what I mean. *But orgasms are necessary for me, too*; and I'm getting less and less of them apart from masturbating; and that's a bloody awful way of getting yourself off after years of good fucking.'



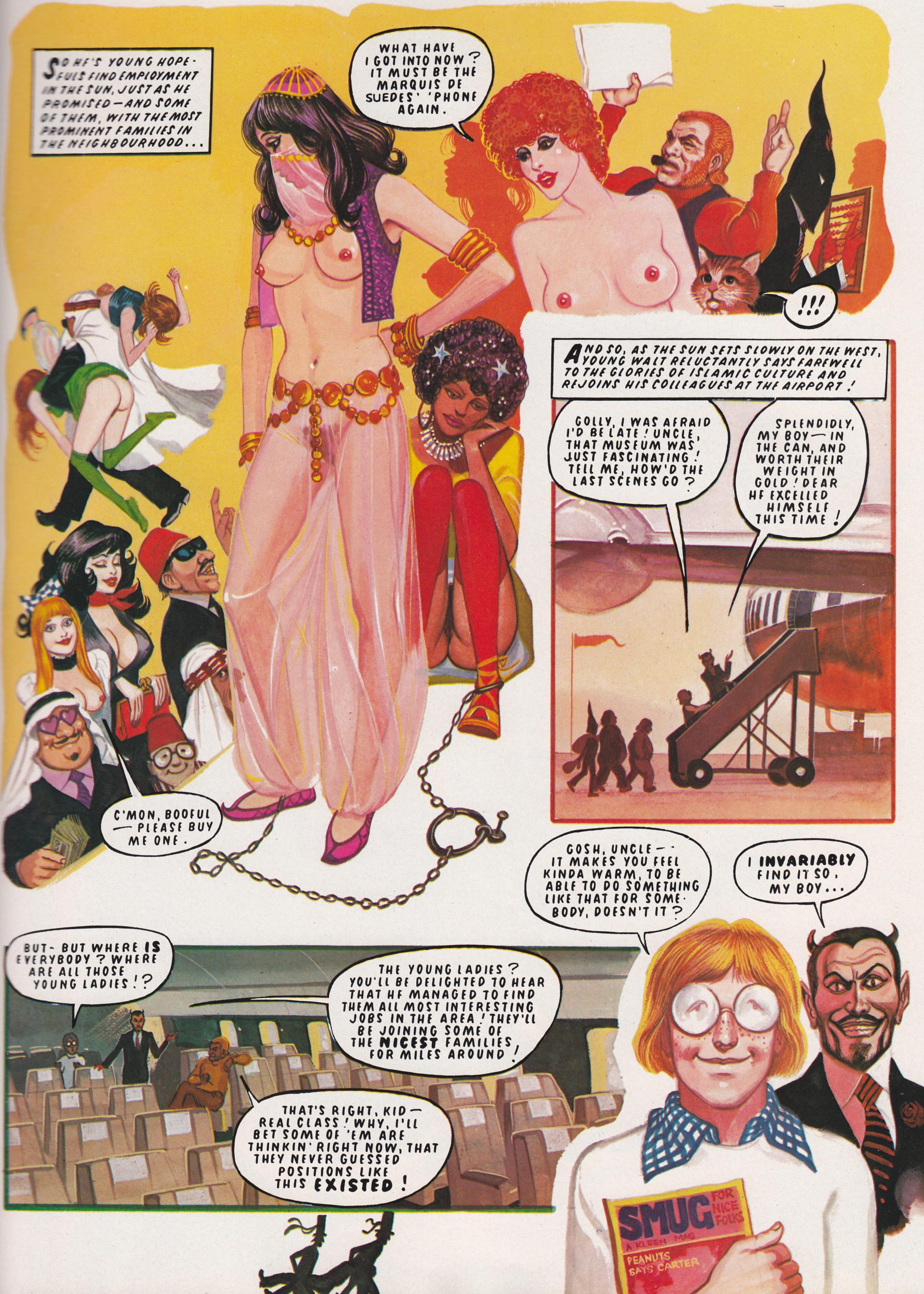
". . . 99 . . . 100 . . . Ready or not, here I come!"

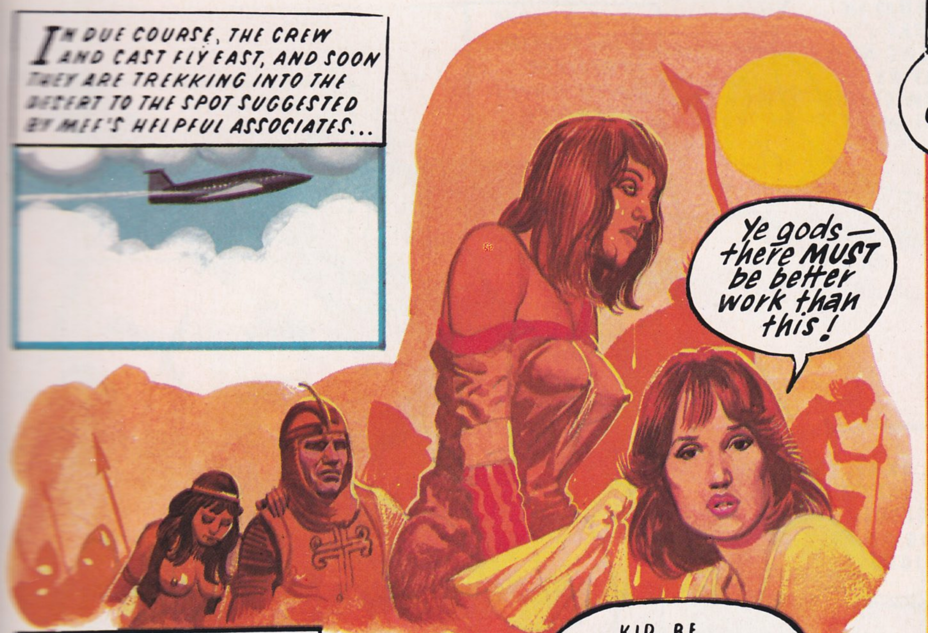
This is a situation which should never have been allowed to develop; and it would not have done so had the lady in question shown the good sense she obviously possessed in the early days of her marriage, when she took the action necessary to make her selfish husband realise that she, too, required complete sexual fulfilment. On being further questioned, she said she was terrified of coming into the open and telling her husband that his routines had become boring and irritating, because, in view of his present feelings of sexual inadequacy, the shock of the revelation might precipitate him into a state of total impotence. We had to agree with this, but pointed out that, with a little diplomacy, she could break the routines without any risk of such a traumatic experience: all she had to do was *vary her own habits*. 'Why not try making-up in the kitchen instead of the bathroom?' we suggested; that, at least, would eliminate the dreaded 'tap-tap-tap' which acted as a trigger to the whole cycle of irritation and repetition; her husband would be obliged to try something new, and the novelty would almost certainly rekindle her own lust – thus the problem would be solved. She acted on our advice, and the results were startlingly beneficial to both partners. Later, when expressing her thanks, she remarked how surprising it was that she herself had failed to see such a simple way out of the predicament; but we explained how, when the mind is anxious to the point of distraction, things always appear far worse than they are, and the most elementary and obvious solutions can easily be overlooked. This case is a classic example of the dangers of habitual behaviour in sexual relations: routine has few rivals as a passion-killer and it should be avoided like the plague.

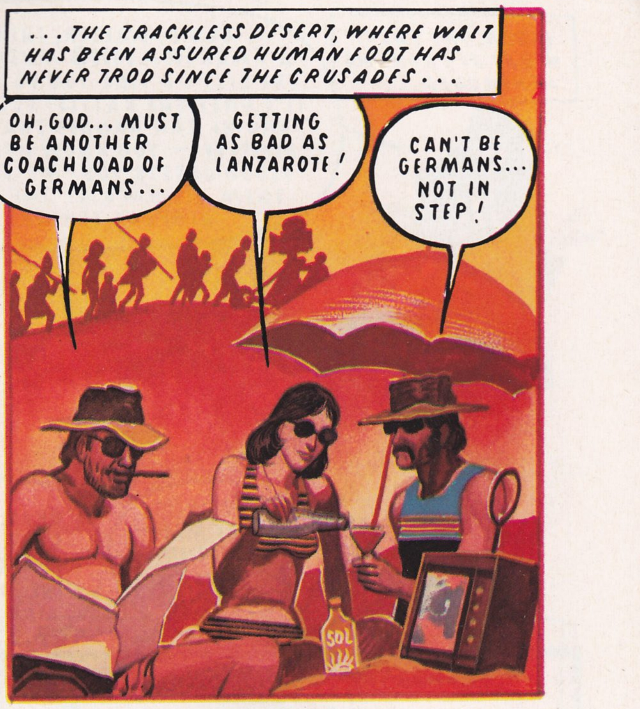
Thus we see that while orgasm is not required to perpetuate the species, it is essential to both men and women for a fulfilled sex-life. Which brings us back to our original enquiry. Is orgasm really necessary? You must be joking! ☐

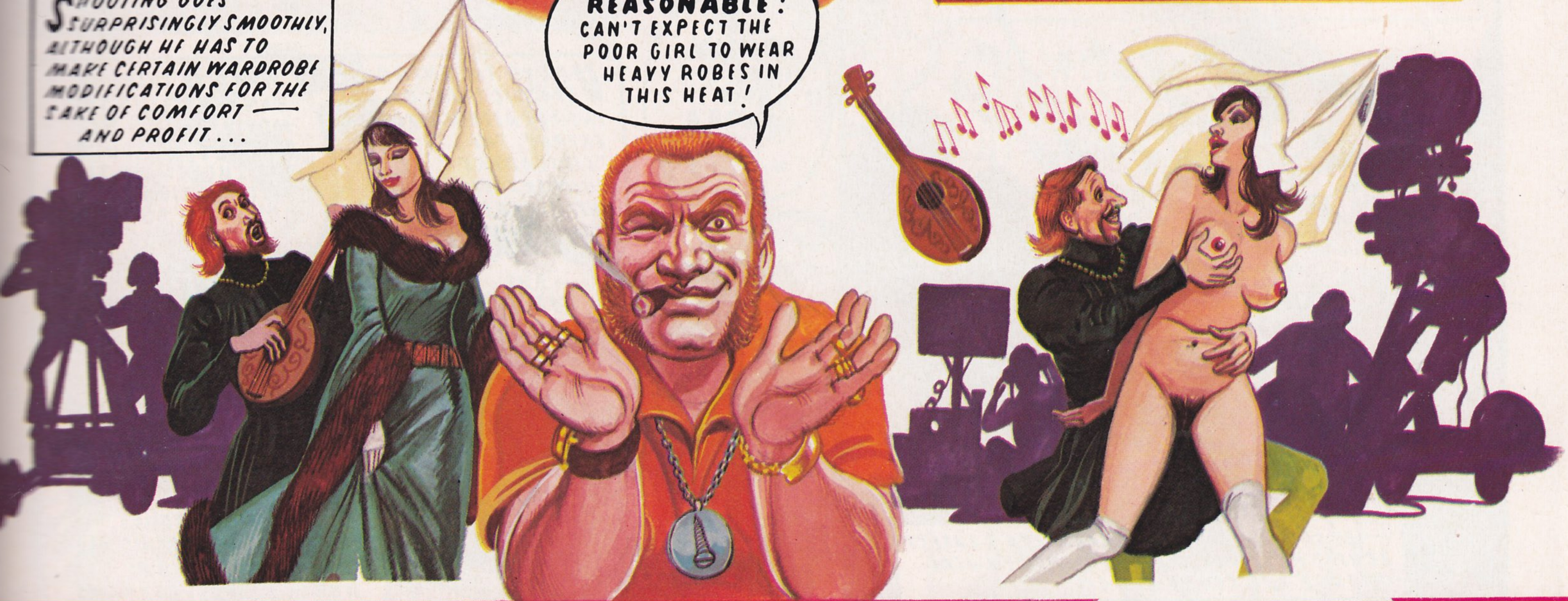
Isabelle

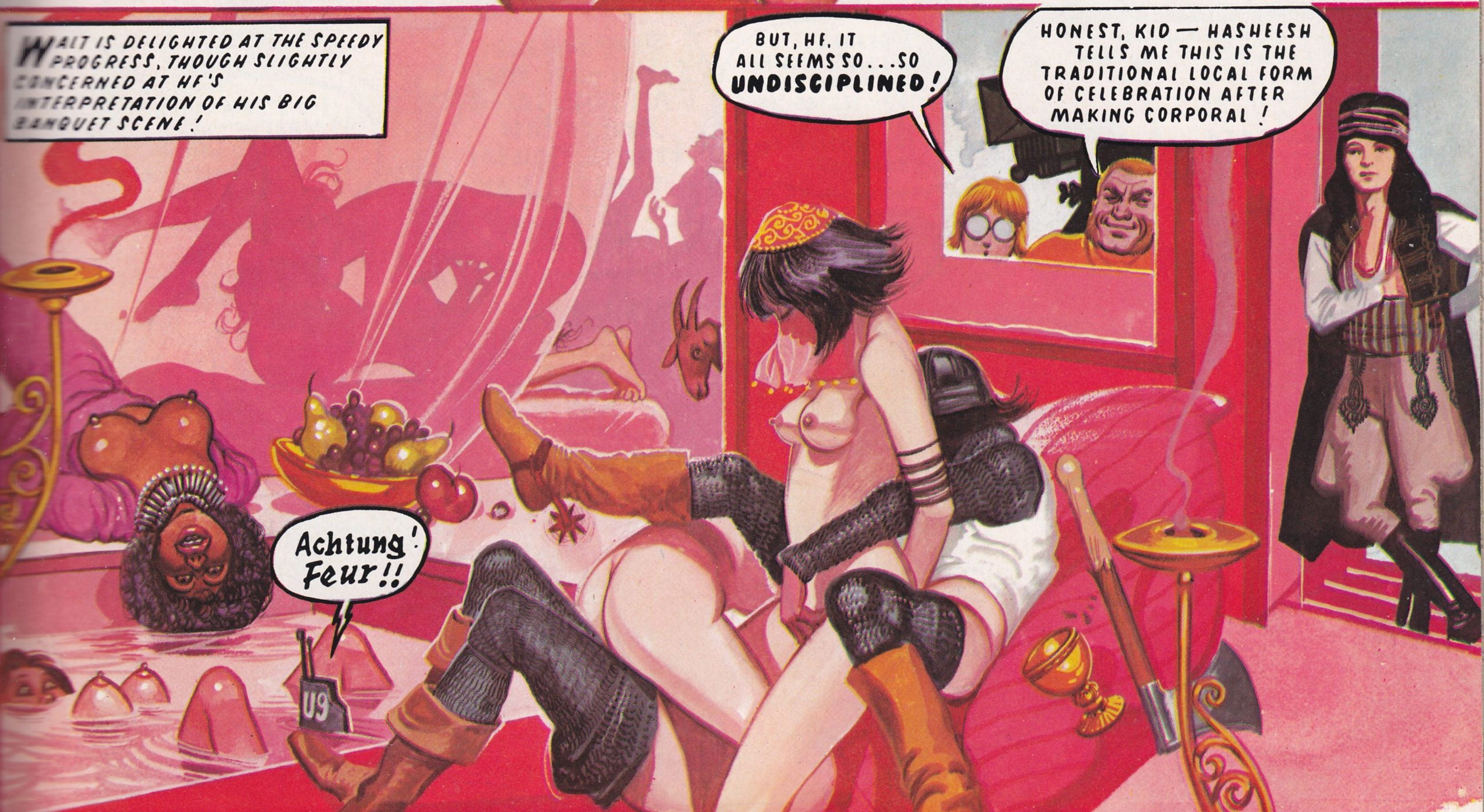
Photographed by Rolf Mader


SO HE'S YOUNG HOPEFULS FIND EMPLOYMENT IN THE SUN, JUST AS HE PROMISED — AND SOME OF THEM, WITH THE MOST PROMINENT FAMILIES IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD...
WHAT HAVE I GOT INTO NOW? IT MUST BE THE MARQUIS DE SUEDES' 'PHONE AGAIN.
!!!
C'MON, BOOFUL — PLEASE BUY ME ONE.
AND SO, AS THE SUN SETS SLOWLY ON THE WEST, YOUNG WALT RELUCTANTLY SAYS FAREWELL TO THE GLORIES OF ISLAMIC CULTURE AND REJOINS HIS COLLEAGUES AT THE AIRPORT!
GOLLY, I WAS AFRAID I'D BE LATE! UNCLE, THAT MUSEUM WAS JUST FASCINATING! TELL ME, HOW'D THE LAST SCENES GO?
SPLENDIDLY, MY BOY — IN THE CAN, AND WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD! DEAR HE EXCELLED HIMSELF THIS TIME!
BUT- BUT WHERE IS EVERYBODY? WHERE ARE ALL THOSE YOUNG LADIES!?
THE YOUNG LADIES? YOU'LL BE DELIGHTED TO HEAR THAT HE MANAGED TO FIND THEM ALL MOST INTERESTING JOBS IN THE AREA! THEY'LL BE JOINING SOME OF THE NICEST FAMILIES, FOR MILES AROUND!
THAT'S RIGHT, KID — REAL CLASS! WHY, I'LL BET SOME OF 'EM ARE THINKIN' RIGHT NOW, THAT THEY NEVER GUESSED POSITIONS LIKE THIS EXISTED!
GOSH, UNCLE — IT MAKES YOU FEEL KINDA WARM, TO BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING LIKE THAT FOR SOMEBODY, DOESN'T IT?
I INVARIABLY FIND IT SO, MY BOY...
SMUG FOR NICE FOLKS
A KLEEN MAG
PEANUTS SAYS CARTER


IN DUE COURSE, THE CREW AND CAST FLY EAST, AND SOON THEY ARE TREKKING INTO THE DESERT TO THE SPOT SUGGESTED BY MEF'S HELPFUL ASSOCIATES...
Ye gods— there MUST be better work than this!


...THE TRACKLESS DESERT, WHERE WALT HAS BEEN ASSURED HUMAN FOOT HAS NEVER TROD SINCE THE CRUSADES...
OH, GOD... MUST BE ANOTHER COACHLOAD OF GERMANS...
GETTING AS BAD AS LANZAROTE!
CAN'T BE GERMANS... NOT IN STEP!
SOL


SHOOTING GOES SURPRISINGLY SMOOTHLY, ALTHOUGH HF HAS TO MAKE CERTAIN WARDROBE MODIFICATIONS FOR THE SAKE OF COMFORT — AND PROFIT...
KID, BE REASONABLE! CAN'T EXPECT THE POOR GIRL TO WEAR HEAVY ROBES IN THIS HEAT!


WALT IS DELIGHTED AT THE SPEEDY PROGRESS, THOUGH SLIGHTLY CONCERNED AT HF'S INTERPRETATION OF HIS BIG BANQUET SCENE!
BUT, HF, IT ALL SEEMS SO... SO UNDISCIPLINED!
HONEST, KID — HASHEESH TELLS ME THIS IS THE TRADITIONAL LOCAL FORM OF CELEBRATION AFTER MAKING CORPORAL!
Achtung! Feur!!
U9

Matchmaker will run its computer until you aren't...

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'what a load of cobblers'. I'm a coalman, and in 15 years of sack humping I'd never been invited to hump anything else – not till about a month ago when I first met Enid. My experience since has been so bloody fantastic that I'm wondering whether I'm tremendously lucky to be having it, or extremely *unlucky* not to have touched before. Anyway, I have to withdraw all my doubts about the letters you print telling of how milkmen, TV repair engineers, etc., get a nifty nibble during the daytime.

I can't imagine why I was never on to anything before; it certainly wasn't for lack of trying. Whenever I saw a lush piece of crumpet I used to trot out the coalman's notorious 'could you do with a nice big bag of nuts, lady?' but I never had any takers, well, not in the bollocks sense; one or two dimwits did ask me to drop them in an extra sack of small coal! But with Enid I didn't even have to try! I was humping half a ton down her coal-hole (not altogether, I'm a well muscled fellow but I do have my limits), when she came to the front door in a next-to-nothing negligée affair and asked if I could unscrew the lid off a pickle jar.

"You coalmen have such lovely muscles," she said, giving me an eyeful of two massively swinging tits. Well, what did she want with pickles at eleven in the morning? And where was the bloody jar anyway?

"Yes, I'll be glad to oblige," I replied, flexing my biceps, "where is it?"

"In the kitchen," she said, "come on through."

Now I'm not a complete fool. Why, if she was on the level, couldn't she have brought the jar to the door with her? 'Maybe it's a very big jar – one of those heavy stone affairs', I thought, hoping I was wrong.

"I'm covered in coaldust," I said, giving myself a quick flick down to remove the worst, "shall I take my leathers off?" – meaning my apron and back-shield, of course.

"Oh, no!" she cried excitedly, "I want you to keep those on, they're so deliciously *brutal* – and so's the coaldust. Don't bother, I can soon clean up afterwards."

"Ho, ho!" says I to myself, "this is *it*, Dickie my lad," and so it was, too!

There was no pickle jar, and she didn't take me into the kitchen anyway, but straight into a bedroom (it was a bungalow), where she ripped off her negligée thing and threw herself into my arms, sobbing, "Oh, you brute, you filthy brute!"

There was no pissing about with her. She came right out and asked for it. What she wanted was to be duffed up a bit, covered in coaldust and then fucked stupid. Yours truly naturally obliged. I made a right old mess of her and her bedroom, but she loved every second of it. When I'd shot all the spunk I could raise, I apologised for the bloody awful mess, but she insisted that I wasn't to give it a thought. Apparently the dustman had made twice as much mess the previous week, and *he'd* left an unpleasant smell behind, too.

"*Coal* smells so *sexy*!" crooned Enid, rubbing the grime into her nipples, "when can you call again?"

"Any time you like, lady!" I replied; and I've had several sessions since. How she manages to clear up the mess before her old man gets home I just don't know; but that's *her* problem, isn't it? Why should I worry?

R.F., Durham.

Velvet

Sir: I'm a velvet fetishist; just saying the word and writing it down is enough to raise my cock. You often mention rubber and leather in your mag, but I've never seen the sexual thrill of velvet discussed. My fetish began when I had to wear velveteen trousers as a kid. My parents dressed me up in a real poncified fashion; I looked more like a girl than a boy, with my buckled shoes and felt hat.

Sometimes I imagined I *was* a girl, and this got me erect. When I was erect I used to bring myself off on these velveteen trousers, and when they wore out I was careful to cut a large piece out. I rescued them from the rag-bag my mother had put out for the RSPCA, so she never knew. I used to keep the piece of velveteen under my pillow and toss myself off into it most nights. I had it until I was about 13, when I bought some proper velvet curtain material with my pocket money.

I cut this into strips which I wore round my cock and balls under my clothes, and in bed at night. I nearly always had velvet next to my prick and balls, and I still do. I am a *complete* fetishist, for I don't bother with girls, except to think of them being cruel to my genitals when I toss off. I always think of the girls dressed in velvet from head to toe, but with cut-outs for the tits, cunt and arse to stick through. I'd like to read other letters about velvet. It's the

be paying us another visit – a long, long one – before she returns to Canada in the autumn.
Lionel V., Surrey.

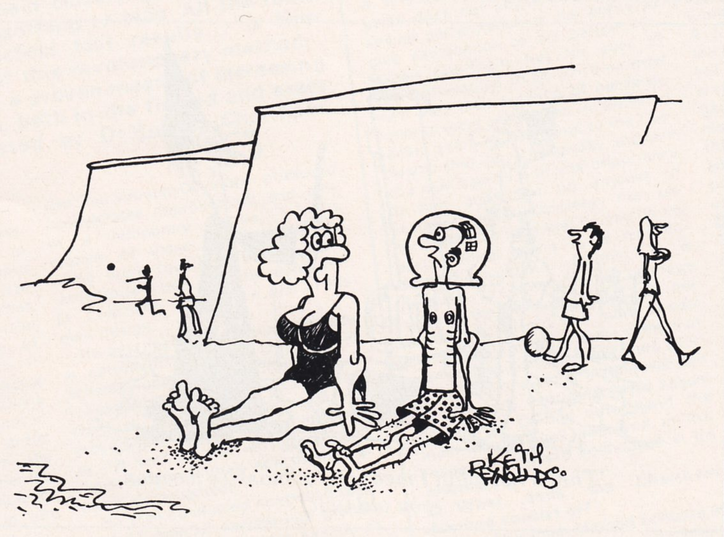
Fire Power
Sir: In reply to Ted M. of Rochester (Vol. 5, No. 4), if he wants to hit the ceiling when he comes off, he should pay *me* a visit! I'm what's known as a professional *frotteuse* – that is an expert at giving hand-jobs. My services are in great demand at 'spunking contests' staged all over the South of England; and I also entertain gentlemen in the privacy of my own apartment. If a man's under 30 and hasn't come off for at least 48 hours, I *guarantee* to make him spend with a force that will astonish him. I can't guarantee a 'ceiling hit' *every time* – that's really asking *too* much – but I do get my clients to achieve the feat quite often. It constitutes a vertical 'throw' of 4 ft. 2 in. approximately from my treatment table – you see I have a rather low ceiling!
'Vivienne', London, W1.

Plea for Totality
Sir: Every time you run a picture-spread of a model, can we please have at least one shot of her totally naked? – preferably a knees-to-chest pose displaying cunt and arsehole at the same time. Kinky boots become a bore on kooky bints, and all those senile knickers fetishists and waspie-weirdos who keep pestering you are most likely given a payola by the Rag Trade. I pity the guy who doesn't appreciate the joy of seeing the whole girl (and the girl's holes) unobstructed by fiddling bits of nylon or whatever; and isn't it safe to show us a few shaven cunts?
B.C., Oxford.

DIY Delights
Sir: I've just read an article on DIY pleasures. I've never been a regular masturbator and have never possessed a vibrator – other than my old man's cock! By the time I was three parts through the feature in question I was so randy that I had to raid the fridge for a cucumber. But the cucumber didn't vibrate, they seldom do, so I decided to improvise with an electric toothbrush.

Using the non-bristle side (obviously!) I started running the business end up and down my clit, and the effect was lovely. Between the cucumber and the toothbrush, and reading the rest of the article, I had an amazing afternoon, and when my old man walked in I was just in the middle of bringing myself to yet another screaming climax. He nearly freaked out. Seeing me at work on myself like that inspired him, and he was starkers in less time than it takes to tell, and helping me on my way to another trip to heaven.

I think that letter headed 'Bad Vibrations' in your Vol. 5, No. 4 is a load of old rubbish. The guy can't be much bottle if he comes off second best to a vibrator. I know I've just gone into rhapsodies about a toothbrush, but I wouldn't swop my old man for all the vibrators there are – nor for all the cucumbers.
Angela R., Doncaster.



"Perhaps nobody will *kick sand in your face!"*

Sickened
Sir: I'm really sickened by those foul letters you print from knickers freaks. I separated from my husband because he always wanted to drape a pair of my soiled knickers over his face as he screwed me. It is filthy and ridiculous the way some men carry on. I think women who get asked to do these horrible things should thrash their husbands across their bare arses. If more men had their arses thrashed there'd be less of this deviant nonsense.
Hilda H., N. Wales.
Why didn't you thrash your husband, Hilda? Or perhaps you did?

Trouble à Trois
Sir: I much enjoyed Werner Schlüter's *Pleasure is the Name of the Game* (Vol. 5, No. 4), although I feel he rather idealised the *à trois* situation. One guy with two gals is great fantasy fodder, but how many men, no matter how virile, could sustain such a *ménage* for more than a week or two? To get any girl to agree to take part in such an arrangement presupposes her hypersexuality; and to keep *one* hyper-eroticist satisfied is often beyond the capacity of even the most randy of men. The spirit may be willing but the flesh, alas, is all too weak.

I realise it will be argued that the lesbian pairing must take a lot of weight off the guy's knackers, but isn't this defeating the whole object of the exercise? I've done a good bit of experimenting in this direction and reckon I've found the perfect solution for the sort of guy who, like me, has not the slightest homosexual inclination (although I dig lesbian capers enormously) and cannot perform effectively in the company of another male. My answer to the problem is a *ménage à trois* with two super-sexy birds, but with me on a *one week on, one week off* basis, alternating with my twin brother!

Of course, it doesn't *have* to be a twin – or even a brother. I'm sure there are plenty of female hyper-eroticists around who would actually *welcome* the male member of the *ménage* alternating with a guy of completely different physique – maybe even colour! In fact, I know of two such cases, and they're working out fine, too.

Another word of warning: don't expect everything to be a bed of roses. There are bound to be petty jealousies, especially during the first few weeks. In this way living *à trois* is similar to a conventional marriage – the first seven years are the worst!
G.N., Bournemouth.

Hirsute
Sir: Going by what a lot of readers write, abnormal hairiness of the female body is a terrific turn-on for the majority of men. It certainly is for me, and I've paid out a fortune over the years to get a collection of prints together, depicting women with extraordinarily dense and extensive hirsute growths. What I'm getting round to is this: why not feature some really hairy girls in your pages? Actually, I wouldn't mind if the studies were faked with 'merkins', 'bowsers' and other forms of body-wig, so long as you didn't say so. I'm sure you'd get a fantastic response from readers if you printed some pics of the sort I've mentioned. Try it and see!
V.L., Gloucester.

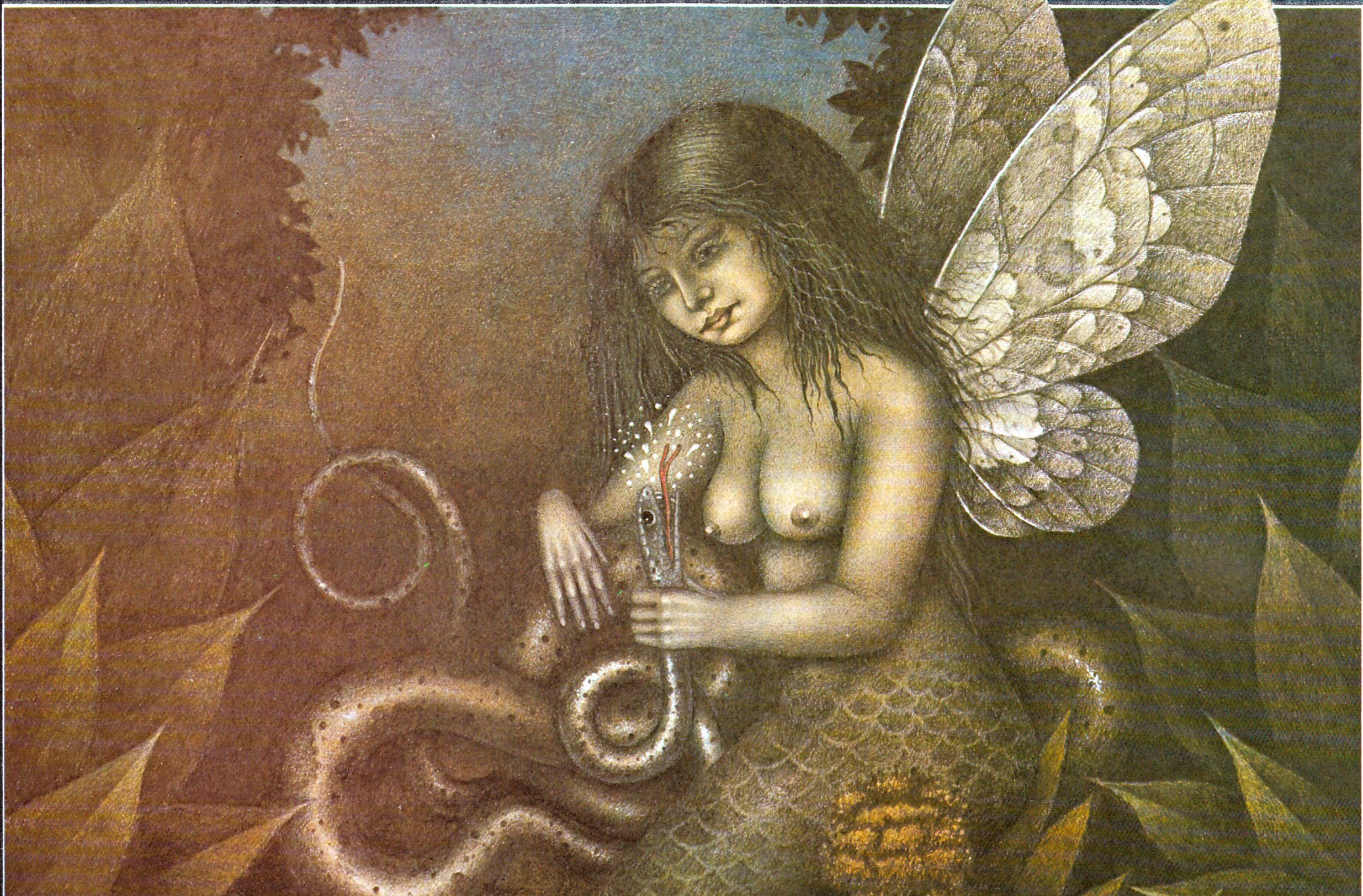
Party Game
Sir: That ad for yourself on page 3 of Vol. 5, No. 4 (it shows a luscious female arse sticking through a hole in a sheet of paper) reminded me of a super party game we played last Christmas. Our living room is very large and has a curtained-off dining annexe. The game we evolved was this: all the girls went into the annexe while the men stayed in the main part of the room. The curtains were then drawn. One by one the girls had to stick their bare arses through the slit between the two curtains – just the arse and nothing more. The idea was that each chap in turn had to guess the owner of the arse on show. When each bloke had stated his choice, the girl appeared *in toto* and completely nude.

Then came the interesting part! Those men who had guessed wrong got nothing, but those who'd guessed right were allowed to kiss the arse in question. Later, after all the girls had exposed themselves, we repeated the game with just one tit poking through the curtain. Then, of course, we went ahead with the obvious: the girls' cunts and the blokes' pricks. The same sort of reward was given in each case. It was the best party we've ever had, and it ended up in a wild orgy at about four o'clock in the morning.
John R., Chesterfield.

Rubber Love
Sir: I know girls are not supposed to like kinky things as much as men, but I'm something of an exception because I simply adore rubber. I always wear rubber in bed, sleep between rubber sheets, and have lots of bizarre rubber gear for lovemaking. Obviously, my boy-

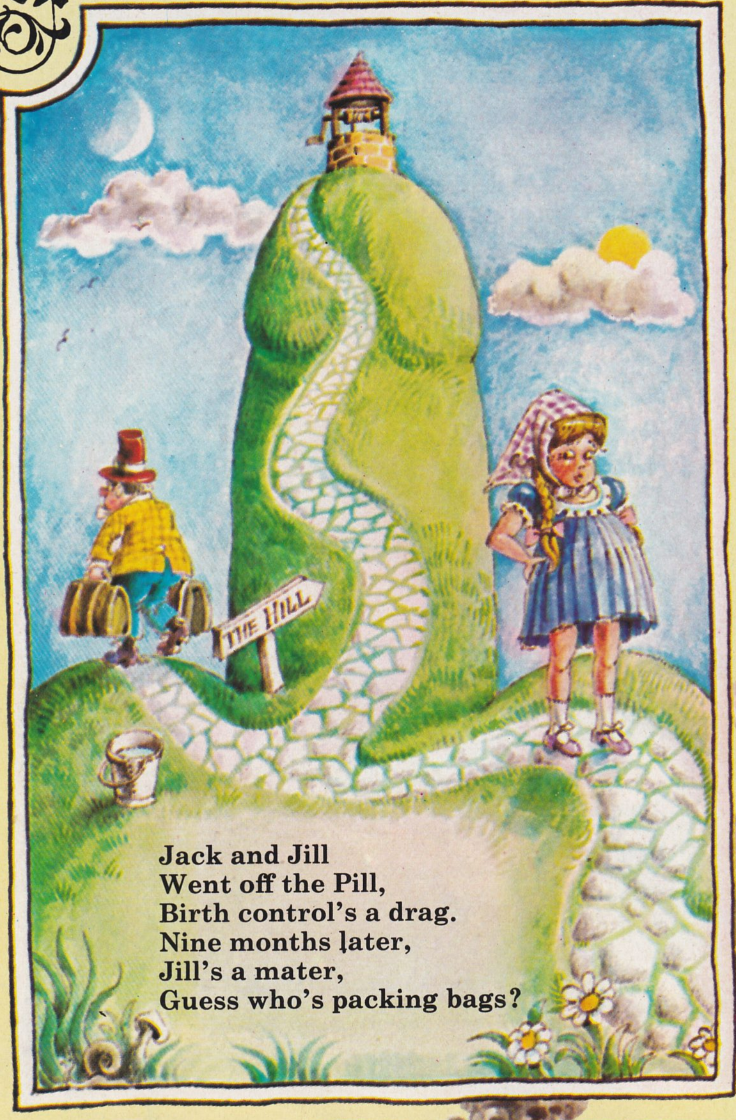
CAROLE

Photographed by Olivia

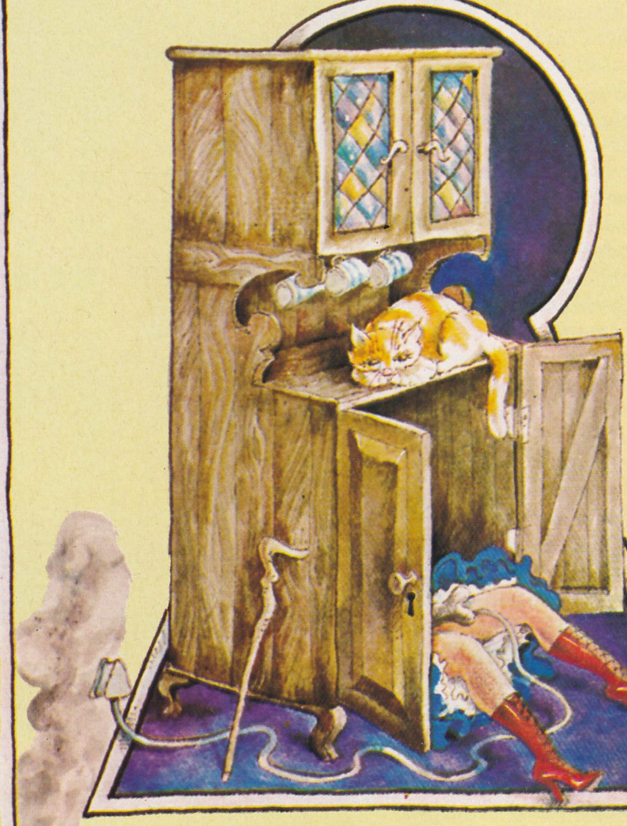


NAUGHTIER RHYMES OF OUR TIMES

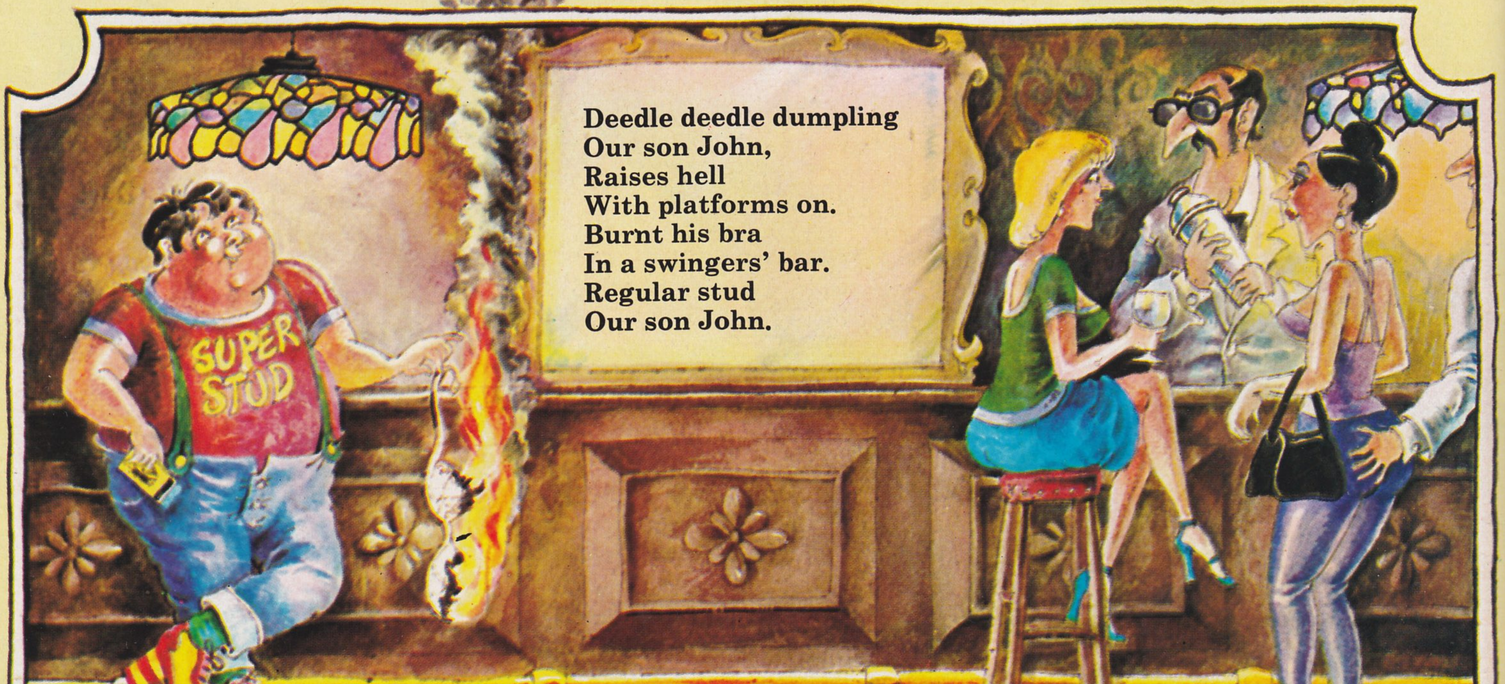
by Robin Francis



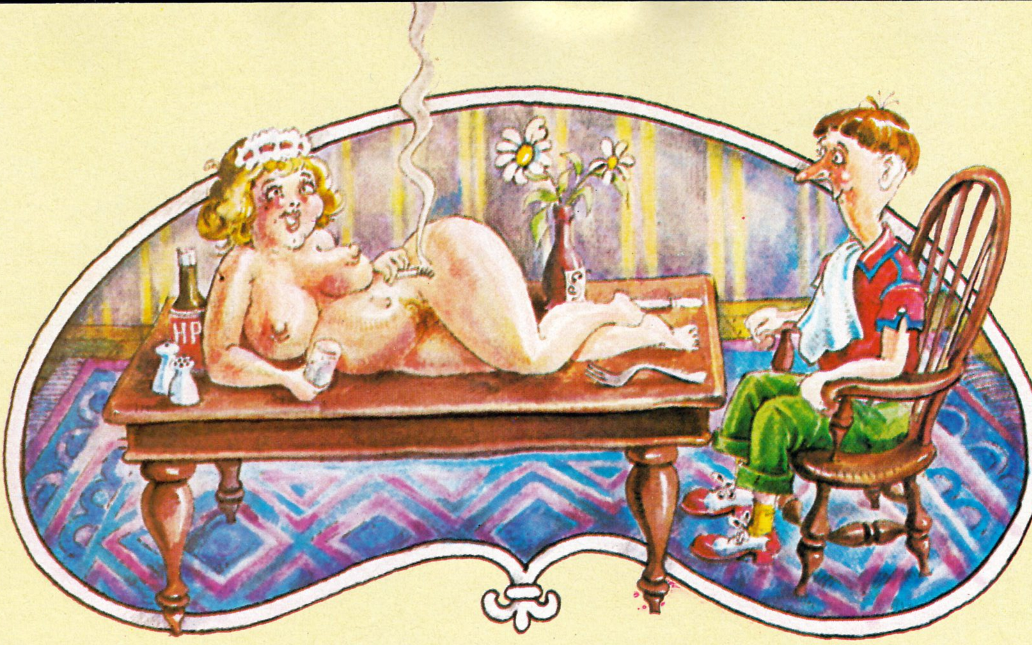
Jack and Jill
Went off the Pill,
Birth control's a drag.
Nine months later,
Jill's a mater,
Guess who's packing bags?



Old Mother Hubbard
Slunk to the cupboard
Feeding her pussy a bone.
The vibes come so easy
Both AC and DC
That Momma can't leave hers alone.

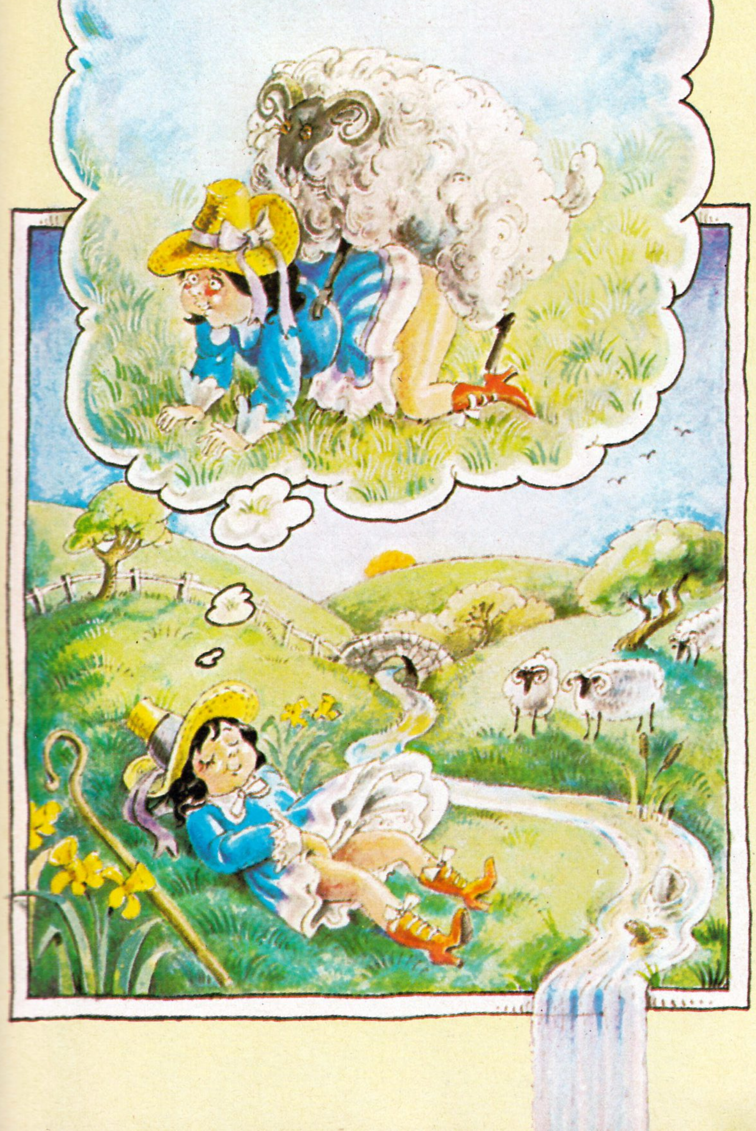


Deedle deedle dumpling
Our son John,
Raises hell
With platforms on.
Burnt his bra
In a swingers' bar.
Regular stud
Our son John.

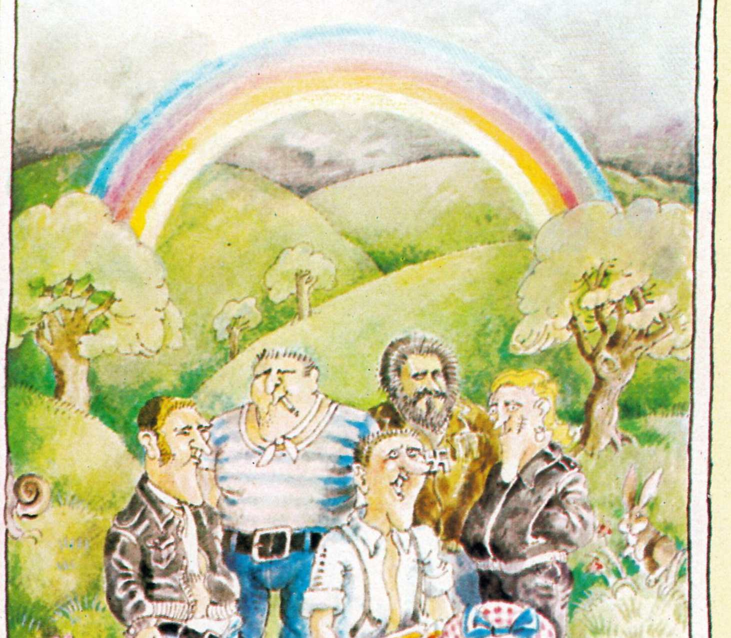


Simple Simon, dumb and shy man,
Sampled not his maiden sweet.
So Cooky got stewed,
And served herself nude,
Now meat is his pud-proven treat.

Little Bo Peep,
Is sound asleep,
Ravished by nocturnal butts.
Dreaming of humpers,
Brute woolly jumpers,
Her finger and thumb's in a rut.



Beaver Ms. Muffet,
Was tanning the tuffet,
Lubing her pubes with Solaire.
Accosted by slobs,
Demanding hand jobs,
She banged the whole gang solitaire.



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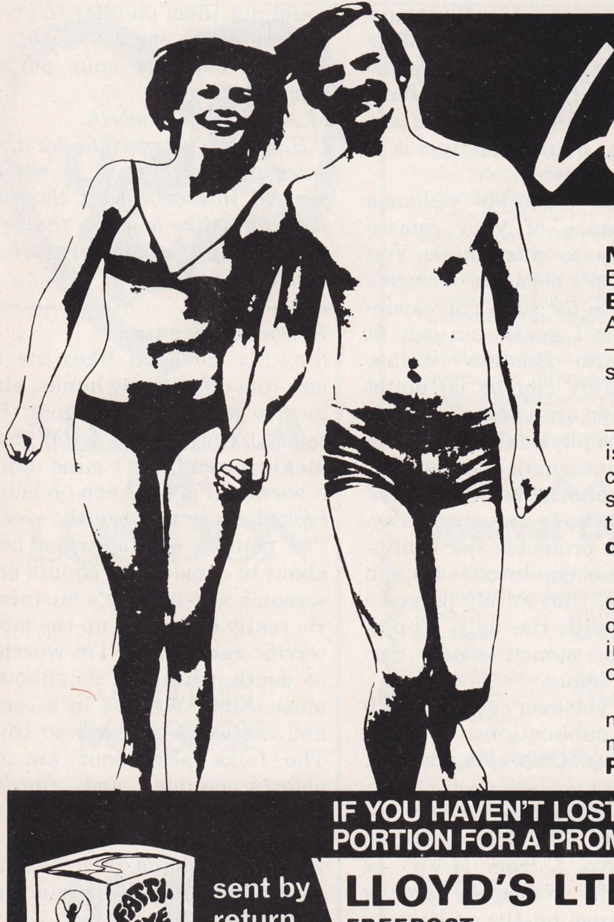

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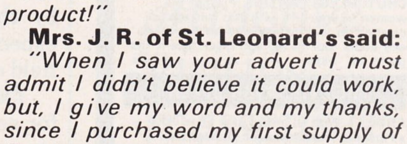

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Orgasm-The Great Comeuppance?

by Mark Royston

The search for sexual fulfilment in today's permissive society can be likened to Sir Galahad's search for the Holy Grail. We have come to believe that without a super-abundance of orgasms, life is less than pleasing. But are they really necessary?

Is orgasm really necessary? Our enquiry may well evoke a second question: 'Necessary for what?'; possibly even a third: 'What exactly *is* orgasm, anyway?' Less than 25 years ago, the term was seldom encountered outside the dull covers of sober medical tomes, and it seems unlikely that more than four or five persons in a hundred had any idea what it meant. A recent, officially published booklet giving guidance on various aspects of married life, puts, after the word orgasm, 'climax' in brackets – so even today, in spite of the proliferation of 'sex education' periodicals and sexual writings of all qualities from good to bad – in the latter of which, 'orgasms' tend to pepper the pages no less densely than 'ejaculations' and 'comings off' – there still remains a doubt (in bureaucratic minds at least) if the layman and his wife understand what is meant by orgasm.

Now, the last thing we want to do is make readers feel affronted by suggesting their knowledge of the basics of sexual gratification is incomplete; however, since orgasm features so prominently in this piece, it would be as well to consider some aspects of it that may be less well-known than the fact that orgasm is synonymous with climax. Orgasm is a term far less frequently applied to the culmination of male sexual excitement than to female climax. Men jerk out sperm, women do not; and because of this crucial difference there is a strong tendency for writers, when describing a male climax, to employ the forcefully active word 'ejaculation', which has more dramatic connotations than the relatively passive 'orgasm'. Men certainly *do* experience orgasm, and ejaculation usually occurs almost simultaneously; but orgasm and ejaculation are *not* synonymous, and either can take place in the absence of the other. Ejaculation without orgasm is invariably a sexual fiasco; orgasm without ejaculation can be an erotic *tour de force*. Orgasm, female and male, consists essentially of involuntary muscular contractions, followed by a complete relaxation of physical and emotional tensions.

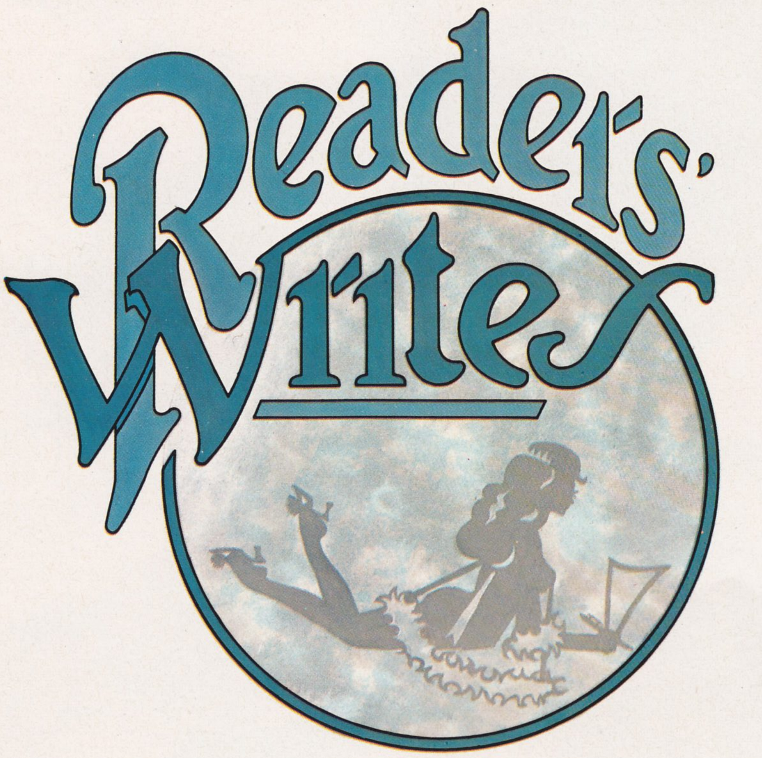
Having thus established exactly what orgasm is (and is not), let us now reply to the question most likely to be elicited by our introduction: 'Necessary for what?' Since far too many women seldom if ever achieve orgasm (an almost incredible 40% according to Masters and Johnson), even if we take into account virgins, spinsters, the physically incapacitated and all other females who are childless for whatever reason, it is clear that a woman does not have to experience orgasm in order to become pregnant. It is only during the last few decades that 'respectable' women have been expected to enjoy sex at all, let alone uninhibitedly relish orgasm; in fact Dr. Helena Wright (a founder member of the Family Planning Association) only 30 years ago wrote that when female patients at her clinic were asked if they found their sex-life enjoyable, the response in the majority of cases was, 'Why? – is it supposed to be?', and much as things have changed for the better, there are still a large number of women who deliberately withhold their bodies, adopt the 'all men are beasts' attitude, and express the utmost relief when their frustrated and unhappy husbands cease to make sexual demands of them; and, perversely, these women are usually the very ones who are loudest in their lamentations and recriminations if they discover their spouses have mistresses, or are visiting call-girls for the gratification denied them at home.

There was a saying common in Victorian times: 'Marriage is the price men pay for sex; sex is the price women pay for marriage'; and the embittered disposition of mind which provoked these cynical words persists to an appreciable degree today. But tens of thousands of women who hold this jaundiced view of sex and marriage are mothers many times over; so as female orgasm is patently not a requisite for procreation, is it necessary for anything else? And what about male orgasm? Because the muscular contractions which constitute it are accompanied by the most exquisite and voluptuous sensations known to mankind, orgasm – female and male – is indispensable to all those whose desire is to know the ultimate in physical and emotional rapture, united in a single sublime experience. Even though it is sometimes possible for a man to make a woman pregnant by emitting sperm without achieving orgasm, it has always been accepted that the male must experience orgasm and the intense pleasure associated with it in order to procreate, whereas there is no corresponding requisite in the case of the female. This great difference between the biological requirements of male and female has a very significant influence on the modern obsession with female orgasm, for now that a woman's rôle in enlightened society is fortunately no longer regarded primarily as that of child-bearer and submissive flesh-machine, it is necessary to go beyond the almost mechanical function of impregnation and examine the far wider implications of sexual intercourse; and despite the fulminations of Women's Lib, more is expected today then ever before of the girl who becomes a wife. Not only must she be a good cook and housekeeper, a sympathetic and resourceful mother, nurse, part-time gardener, painter and decorator; she must also look ravishing at all times, be as skilful and uninhibited as a prostitute in the bedroom, but, unlike a tart, she must really mean it, revel in sex to the full, and prove it beyond doubt by having one orgasm after another. Unfortunately, in many cases, the poor girl, after a hell of a day in the kitchen, garden and nursery, is likely to be so worn out by the time her husband gets home from office or factory, his mind full of lustful ideas concerning kinky ways of spending the evening, that all she wants to do is rest and sleep; and seeing the astonishingly easy way in which her mate becomes excited and achieves climax, she tends to feel inadequate when she cannot match him orgasm for orgasm. He, insensitive brute, begins to suspect her of being cold – even frigid; either that, or he starts worrying about his own sexual attractiveness, and wonders if his wife is having it away with the milkman. The possibilities for friction and the eventual cry of 'incompatibility' are manifold and disconcerting.

Many a husband, anxious about his wife's incapacity to achieve

Illustration by Wayne Anderson

Readers' Writes



Readers wishing to contribute should write to: Readers' Writes, Club International, Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., 2 Archer Street, London, W1V 7HE. Readers should state if they wish their names withheld.

Foot Fan

Sir: I enjoy *Readers' Writes*, but in my view there are too many letters about tit and bum, to the exclusion of other delightful parts of the female anatomy – and I don't mean cunt! I happen to be turned on by beautiful female *feet*, which are quite rare. A lot of otherwise lovely girls have ugly feet, and this makes my appreciation of truly exquisite extremities all the more fervent. Please show us some good close-ups of beautiful feet.

D. Lee, London, W10.

Beautiful Aunt Brenda

Sir: I greatly enjoy reading letters telling how young lads get seduced by mature, sex-mad women, and I agree with everything that's been said about the lushness of ripe femininity. I'm 19, and had never experienced the delights of a mature female body except in fantasy. Until a few weeks ago, the oldest girl I'd had in the nude was 23, and her figure was a skinny 34-22-34.

My initiation into the joys of really abundant female flesh began in a simple and quite unpromising way: my mother announced that my Aunt Brenda (her brother's wife) was coming to spend a week with us. I'd better explain that I'm an only child, and my mother's a widow of 41. I'd never seen Brenda because she'd lived in Canada until recently, so I asked how old she was, etc. But when my mother replied, "Oh, she's about my age," I lost interest.

Imagine my amazement when I saw her: certainly, she was turned 40, but had jet-black hair, a heavily-painted, sexy face, and a fantastic, hour-glass figure. She wore sexy clothes, a mind-blowing perfume, and oozed eroticism from every pore. What's more, she turned out to be witty, highly-educated, well-travelled and experienced. I felt very sorry for my poor old mum: life seemed to have passed her by, and although the same age near enough, she looked almost old enough to be Brenda's mother. I know that sounds a cruel thing to say, but it's the truth.

Well, Brenda and I hit it off fine, and we had some really sexy talks when my mother wasn't around, in fact I actually began to fancy my chances! I reckoned that if only we could be left on our own for an hour or so, and without any risk of being disturbed, something exciting might happen. Brenda had a challenging glint in her eye, and there could be no doubt she was deliberately flaunting her body at me.

You can imagine my delight when she decided to stay on with us for a second week, and my big chance came on the Tuesday. Mother went off to town, but Brenda said she had a bad headache and would prefer to stay at home. I received strict instructions to look after my aunt and to 'be kind to her'!

Brenda went up to her bedroom, and I started to do a bit of gardening (I was on holiday for the week as luck would have it). It was a hot afternoon, so I was soon stripped off to a brief pair of swimming trunks. I'd been weeding for about 10 minutes when I heard my name called. I turned round, and there was Brenda, standing at the French windows, and wearing nothing but a brief bikini. It was a sight that had to be seen to be believed. The bikini was very small, and Brenda was very big – very big indeed! Her splendid tits made a sheer mockery of the top half of her costume; but not nearly so much of a nonsense as her stunning arse made of the bottom piece. And, to my amazement and delight, she was very hairy, and jet-black curls were peeking out both below *and above* the straining fabric!

She invited me to join her for a 'nice cooling drink', and I went into the lounge, thinking, 'This is it!' – and it was, too! She closed the French windows, pulled the curtains to and removed her bikini – both parts. In the subdued light her body looked absolutely fantastic – all quivering and white. I gazed in awe at those vast mountains of juddering flesh and the terrific growths of dense black hair.

"What do you think of your old Aunt Brenda now?" she demanded teasingly, and motioned me to drop my trunks, which of course I did in double-quick time, letting my rampant cock leap out and wave around wildly. "My, you sure are a well-made boy!" she murmured in her soft Canadian drawl. "How would you like to toss off for your raunchy old aunt?" She began to frig herself shamelessly as she spoke, and I saw the flood of wetness stream down inside her thighs as she parted the lips of her lovely pouting cunt.

We stood there facing one another, masturbating and gasping. I yearned to throw myself on her body, to possess her, to bury my face between her tits, her thighs and the great ballooning cheeks of her fantastic arse, yet I didn't dare suggest such a thing. After all, she *was* my aunt!

"I guess you'd like to handle these floppy old tits of mine," she said, swinging them from side to side in a loin-crippling display of massive succulence. I nodded like the clappers. "What about the rest of me?" she whispered, turning round and thrusting out her arse. "How'd you like to work on my ass?"

I groaned loudly, nodding even harder; and I had to hold back on my cock, otherwise I'd have sent my entire load spurting across the room. "My body's all yours this afternoon," she continued, "you can do just what you like with it – go right ahead, darling, don't be shy!"

Sobbing with lust and adoration, I fell on my knees before her. There was so much to see, so much to do, that I hardly knew where to begin. Her tits, belly, arse and cunt were all mine! She'd *said* so! Slowly plucking up courage, I started to examine every part of her, pulling wide open the lips of her vulva and the overpoweringly beautiful white cheeks of her arse. It was almost *frightening* what I saw – all the moistness and hairiness, redness and brownness.

She kept asking me if I found her body beautiful, and in reply I buried my face into whatever part of her I was examining. She drenched my face and hair with the torrent of warm mucus that flowed endlessly from her working cunt, and I wished my tongue were three feet long so that I could reach right up into the core of her lovely body. As this fantasy struck me, the spunk jerked out from my cock. Brenda gave a loud gasp, reached down and took some of my hot come on her fingers, then transferred the steaming slime to her nipples and her mouth.

I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw her do such a thing. It seemed incredible that a woman could be so ardent for sex. I couldn't screw her with my limp prick, but we arranged for me to creep along to her bedroom that night, and all the other nights till she left. This I did, and she made a man of me. She showed me things about sex I'd never even thought of – and that's saying a great deal, because I've always been a randy sod! All I hope and pray is that my lovely sexy aunt will

Loving has done wonderful things to Carole Laismith. Before she met her amant *– who's dark and French and incredibly sexy, she assured us with a slight shiver – she was in love with someone else. He was blonde and Scandinavian and incredibly sexy, and she did love him quite a lot, but nothing compared to the way she loves Pascal.*

"I've always been in love with somebody for as long as I can remember. When I was three and in kindergarten there was a boy called Peter I was absolutely devoted to, and later on in my childhood came Jonathan and Andrew, Paul, Michael, Crispin . . . well, I won't give you the whole list! I think it's good to be in love. It puts an extra edge on life, a fillip to everything you do. Your skin glows, your hair shines, your eyes sparkle. I'm very romantic and old-fashioned. I don't go along with this 'whatever you do, don't become involved' bit that people are always trotting out. What's the good of doing anything if you don't commit yourself to it? I think most people must live their lives on a very safe, but very superficial level – don't you?"

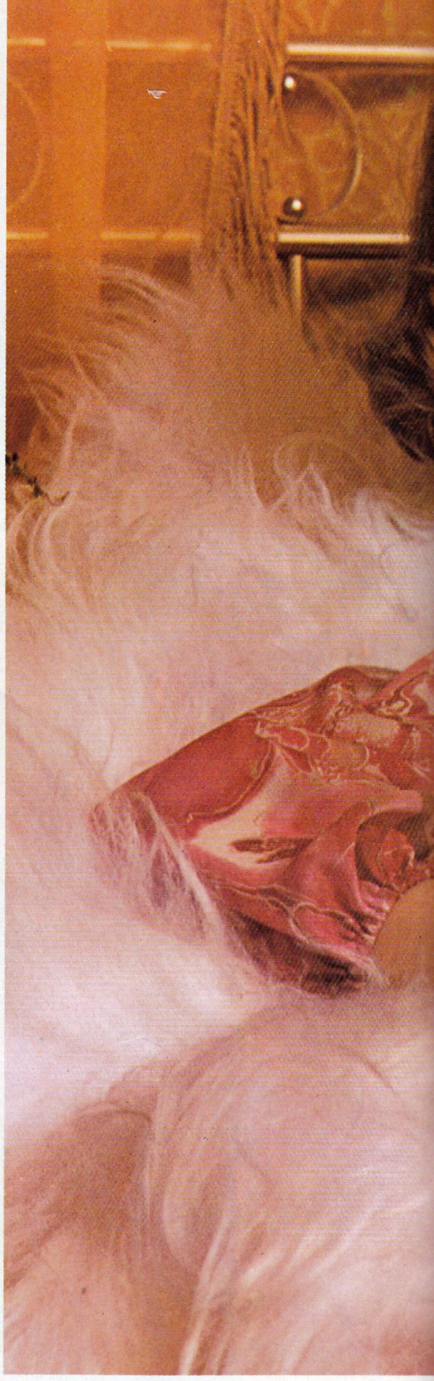
Since Carole was removing her T-shirt at the time, revealing those fantastic breasts, we could only nod dumbly.

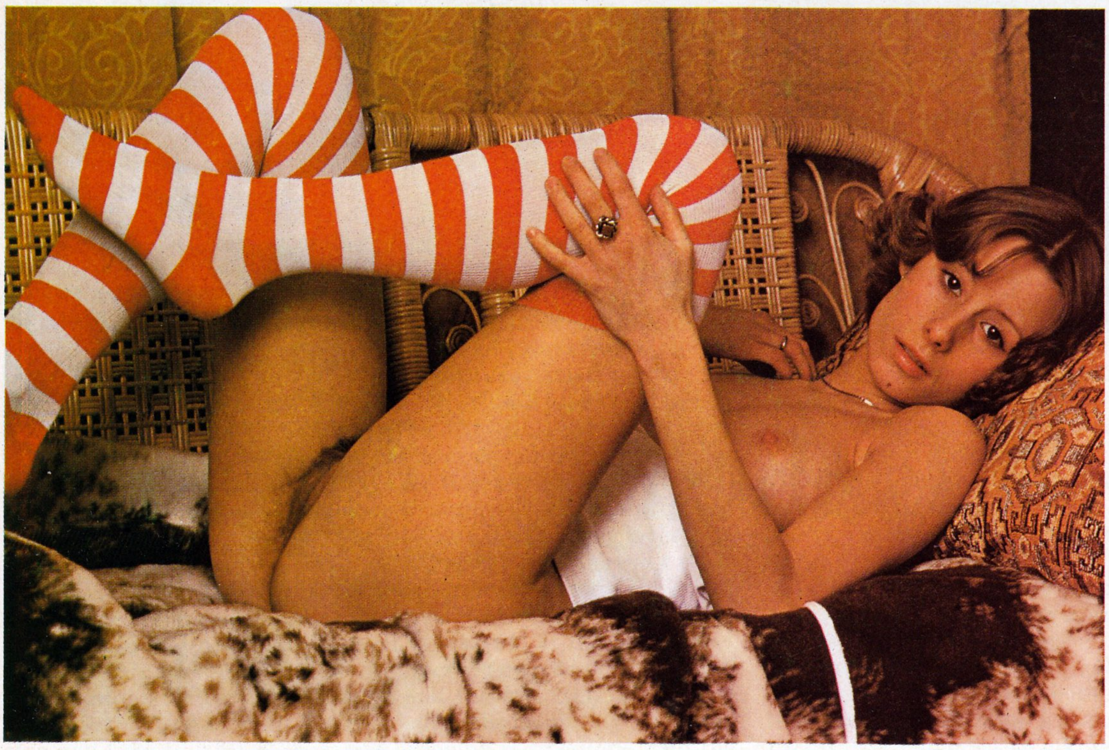
"That's why I commit myself utterly to everything I do. Like these pictures, for instance. What good would these pictures be if I was bored and blasé about them? When I agreed to pose for you, I decided to put my whole heart and soul into it – and Pascal agrees with me. Is he jealous at the thought of other men seeing me nude? You must be joking. He's a Frenchman, remember? It will make him even more loving and even more proud of me to think that other men think I'm beautiful. I'm sure they will, don't you?"

Carole, who had been standing totally nude in front of us for the last half of her dissertation, casually picked up a robe and slipped it around her.

"Besides, I think I wouldn't love Pascal quite so much if he were jealous. There's something very narrowing about jealousy, don't you think?"

Carole took the robe off again. We could only nod. ☐





'Is you is, or ain't you ain't my baby?' sang the television. It was an old Tom and Jerry *cartoon – Tom making love to a lady cat with a bikini and impossibly long eyelashes. Isabelle was absorbed but puzzled. Her boyfriend laughed at the cartoon, and in a long Swedish sentence she asked him why – we think.*

"Isabelle doesn't understand why the cat is singing to the other cat. Her English is not very good yet, but she's trying to learn very hard. The trouble is that she is too shy to practice on anybody but me and I'm not here all the time so she watches the television all day long. She thinks that the combination of images and words will help her to pick up the feel of it more quickly. Which is all very well, except that she keeps absorbing lots of slang that I don't know the meaning of either!"

Isabelle just smiled beautifully at the screen. ☐

DOCTOR PROVES PENIS ENLARGEMENT CAN WORK!

Amongst the numerous claims made in this most sensitive field comes an entirely new method, the result of two years research by a world famous Sexologist.

Controlled tests have proved this method to be reliable and totally safe.

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The Chartham Method is a proven means of increasing the size of the male organ, both in the flaccid and erect state, developed and tested by Dr. Robert Chartham, Ph.D.

A NEW BREAKTHROUGH

There has never been until now anyone of repute willing and able to undertake a serious investigation into the possibility of increasing the size of the penis. The medical profession has always scoffed at both the desirability and the possibility of achieving this.

The desirability is surely the choice of the individual, while the possibility is obvious, when one thinks about it.

An erection is produced by erotic stimulation, transmitted from the brain via the appropriate nerves, causing the penis to be liberally charged with blood, which in turn causes it to expand and stiffen.

Basically speaking, to enlarge the erection, it is necessary to increase the blood flow and to stretch the erectile tissues of the penis to accommodate the extra blood.

These are the two most important problems successfully solved by Dr. Robert Chartham, during his lengthy investigations.

THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Robert Chartham is the author of a dozen books on sexology with world wide sales of over 9 million translated into eleven different languages. He has been a sex counsellor for 40 years and has his own clinic in London, England, where he receives over 4,000 letters a year from all over the world. He also lectures on sexual psychology at many British Universities, has spoken on television in both America and Britain, and was the pioneer of sex education for teenagers in the U.K.

THE FACTS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Chartham's interest in the possibility of increasing penile dimensions caused him to investigate such alleged methods as were already in existence. To this end he was able to call on the assistance of a number of men who have helped him in other experiments.

His initial research showed that the fantastic claims made by many of these methods were backed by no concrete evidence whatsoever and experiments proved them virtually useless. However, two methods did succeed in producing some improvement – the Magnaphall Course and the Vacuum Developer.

The improvements gained by the former were slight but permanent and also resulted in a much firmer erection. The Vacuum Developer produced considerable improvement, but only of a temporary nature. Various models of these were tested but some were found to be positively dangerous in use, with the result that Dr. Chartham decided on one of his own design.

He next tested these two methods in conjunction with each other and achieved considerable success.

Further research enabled Dr. Chartham to incorporate additional improvements in order to combine them to the best possible advantage. The result was an entirely new method of penile development.

He then conducted controlled tests with 15 men of varying age groups. The following results are exactly as stated in his report.

"Of the 15 who took part, 3 were aged 21, 23 and 24 respectively; 4 were between 28 and 35; 5 were between 40 and 45 and 2 were 51 and 54 respectively. The 21 and 23year olds added up to 1¼" in length and ¾" in girth. The 24 year old added 1" in length and just over 1" in girth. The 28s to 35s added between ¾" to 1" in length and between ½" and ¾" in girth. The 40s to 45s were within the same limits, though one added 1½" to length and an inch to girth. The 51 year old added ¾" to length and an inch to girth, and the 54 year old put on ¾" in length and just over 1¼" in girth.

A latecomer to the tests was a man in his early 60s, whose measurements were already 6½" in length and 5" in girth, yet produced the surprising results of 1.3" in length and 0.7" in girth by the time all had completed the course, though he carried it out for one month less than the rest."

These results are even more amazing than at first appears.

First, there was not a single failure in any age group. Secondly, the increases both in length and circumference are quite remarkable when one considers them in perspective. To appreciate what an increase in girth of ¾" means, take a tape measure and curl the end over to make a circle of 4¾" (roughly average penis circumference) then move it out to 5½". The difference in length can be shown by holding a ruler against the length of your own erect penis and imagining another 1" added.

SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Q. Why should a man wish to increase the size of his penis, when all the books say that size doesn't matter?

A. It is a fact that the size of a man's penis does not physically affect his sexual performance or his ability to give satisfaction to his partner. Dr. Robert Chartham, has for over 30 years attempted to convince worried men that their feelings of penile inferiority were unfounded. However, of recent years he has come to the conclusion that, psychologically, the size of a man's penis is of vital importance to him and, that no amount of assurance will convince the underdeveloped man that he can be the sexual equal of his more well endowed neighbour. Neither is it possible to convince the average woman that a larger penis will not necessarily afford her more sexual enjoyment. The penis is the symbol of man's masculinity and any fears as to its dimensions being inadequate can be extremely damaging to his sexual confidence. On the other hand, the man who is well endowed in this respect has every confidence in his lovemaking.

Q. What does the Chartham Method consist of?

A. The Chartham Method consists of the course manual, containing detailed and illustrated instructions as to the exercises, manipulations and massage, together with the Vacuum Developer, which is used in conjunction with these. There are no drugs or medications. The instruction manual has been written by Dr. Chartham himself in clear and concise language, making it simple for anyone to follow. The specially designed Vacuum Developer is made of clear material so that you can actually see the penis expanding during use. This model has been specially constructed so that no harm can be done to the penis by it's use, according to the instructions. The course needs to be carried out for 12 weeks in order to obtain maximum results.

Q. How does the Chartham Method work?

A. Expressed as briefly as possible, the rationale of the Chartham Method lies in stimulating the circulation to increase the supply of blood to the genital region; in promoting the elasticity and expansile properties of the vascular tissue of shaft and glans; and in enabling the subject to achieve positive control of normally involuntary muscle action.

Q. Are there any side effects to the Chartham Method?

A. Yes. Use of the Chartham Method invariably results in a stronger and firmer erection and the great majority of users report that they are able to hold an erection for longer periods than before taking the course.

Q. Is the Chartham Method suitable for me?

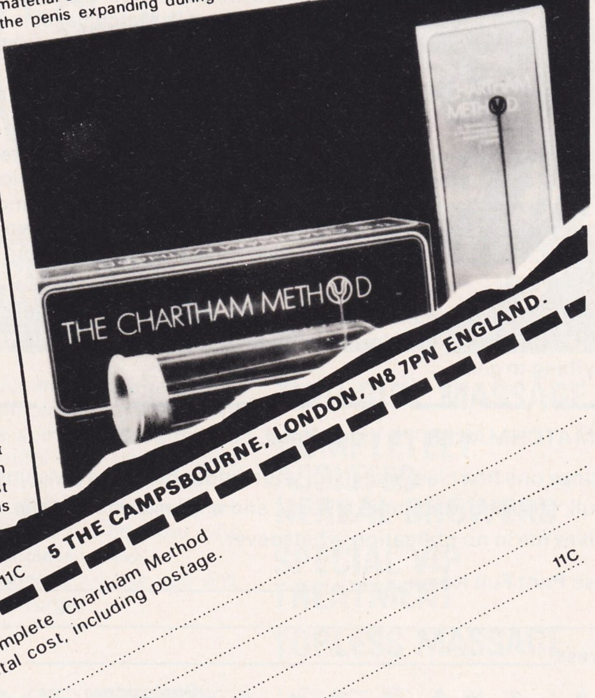
A. Yes, if you are in a reasonable state of health and wish to increase your penis dimensions. No, if you suffer from heart trouble or any condition whereby you cannot safely indulge in moderate exercise.

Q. What is the cost of the Chartham Method?

A. The total price is £12.00 including postage. All orders are dealt with by return post.

The instruction manual is printed in English, German, Italian and French.

IF NO RESULTS ARE ACHIEVED AFTER CARRYING OUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD AS DIRECTED A FULL REFUND WIL BE MADE ON ITS RETURN T US.



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friend is also a rubber fanatic, but he had nothing to do with my becoming one. We got together through my advertising in a mag called *Contak*; and you can say all the horrid things you like about contact mags, but we find them very useful in getting to know other rubber lovers.

My boyfriend and I are getting married in a couple of months, and as soon as we've got ourselves organised we intend to form a 'rubber club'. I have to agree that far more men reply to my ads than women, and some men actually pretend to be females so as to get sexy letters. You have to be very careful. All the same, we do have at least two prospective girl members for our 'rubber club'. I know they're genuine because I've met them.

With electricity being the price it is, rubber is very good for keeping warm at no cost once you've bought the gear. In bed at night during the winter, I sleep in about six layers of rubber, and I'm as snug and warm as anything. I'm lucky to have a flat of my own, so there's no problem with my 'peculiarity'. Why people who like rubber should be regarded as 'queer' I really don't know. I realise that some extreme rubber fans go in for kinky things like urolagnia, but that's not the case with all of us. I mean, you can wear leather without being called a sadist, so why is it taken for granted that those who wear rubber are masochists?

Edith H., Wolverhampton.

Karl Steiner replies: Because nine times out of ten they are in one way or another. Masochism takes many forms, not all of them sexual. I obviously do not mean that everyone who wears a mackintosh to keep out the rain is likely to be a submissive character; but a person who wears rubber on account of its powerful sensual properties almost certainly has masochistic inclinations. Those who are fascinated by this subject, please read my feature in Men Only, *Vol. 39, No. 5.*

Looping the Loop

Sir: You may think this is crazy, but I recently fucked my wife as she was seated on the loo. I straddled her by sitting across her legs. I got terrific penetration this way, and her vaginal muscles seemed to grip me harder than ever before. When I came, I gave her one of the richest and most searingly powerful emissions of my life. Has anyone else tried this?

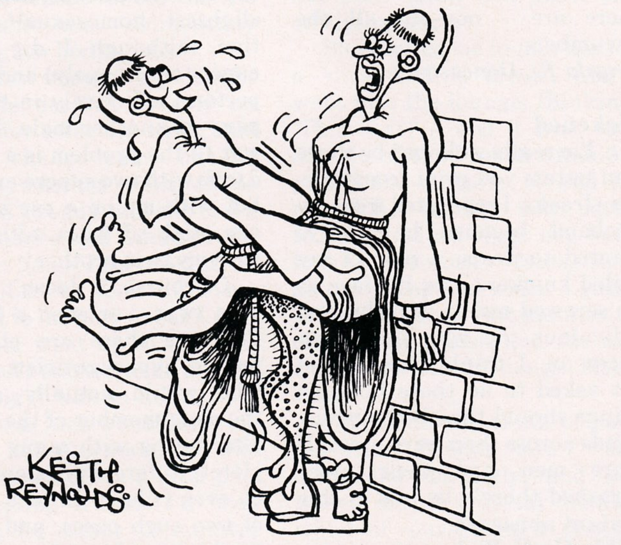
B.N., Oldham.

Sweet Smell of Sex

Sir: I've just returned from my first trip to the United States, and I was both delighted and horrified by the American way of life, especially in the erotic sphere. What depressed me most of all, I think, is the slavish way American women allow themselves to be duped by the admen; and the vaginal deodorant is just about the ultimate in lunacy. The female cunt is *meant to smell*; if it wasn't, it wouldn't. Nature intended the sex organs of all mammals to give off a scent to act as an erotic stimulant. True, most of the odours are strong and *repulsive* to all other species; and indeed to the *same* species under the wrong conditions. I mean, the stink of the polecat is revolting to all other creatures, and even to other polecats when not on heat; but no doubt it's the most beautiful aroma in the world to two *loving* polecats. That's only logic, after all.

KEITH REYNOLDS

"That's not what I meant by a 'massive weapon', you old twit!"



"We can't go on meeting like this, Benedict. My husband is getting suspicious of my hairstyle!"

It's my contention that the girl who keeps herself clean and disregards all the admen's claptrap can produce a far more delicious and erotic perfume with her cunt than anything concocted by the chemists and sold in bottles at astronomical cost. I adore the fragrance of essential femininity myself, and I think it's an outrage that anything so unnatural as a 'vaginal deodorant' should be foisted on the public. But the females are really to blame. If you tell an American girl in all sincerity that you love the scent of her cunt, her armpits, or whatever, she's almost certain to feel insulted. American dames have the biggest BO complex you can possibly imagine. On the other hand, they certainly know how to fuck!

K.P., Devon.

Pierced

Sir: I loved that letter from Sally N. in Vol. 5, No. 4, telling all about how she got pierced. I dare say it *is* necessary for a female to visit a specialist to get the job done, but a male can easily operate on himself. I've now got over 40 piercings all over my face and body, and I did them all myself, unaided. I used ice cubes as a local 'anaesthetic'; *TCP* or *Dettol* as an antiseptic, and sterilised needles as 'surgical instruments'. The easiest piercings of the lot were through my foreskin and scrotal sac, where there's no thickness of flesh to penetrate. The most difficult piercings were through my tongue and lips: but these have proved the most rewarding, for my mistress (who insisted that I get myself pierced in the first place) uses them to chain me to her cunt for prolonged cunnilingus.

S.V., Luton.

S. V. may be satisfied, but we strongly advise against DIY in this sphere.

Whatever Turns You On

Sir: I dare say some people will think that I'm not right in the head, but the fact is I like my boyfriend to squirt his spunk up my nose as I hold my head well back. I then let the spunk find its way into my throat and drink it in the normal way *(normal? Ed.)*. I don't know whether you can understand this, but I love my boyfriend so much that I want his spunk to permeate every part of my body, and I don't think there's any way of taking it that's more intimate than up my nostrils and down my throat via the nasal passages.

Mind you, I can quite appreciate that unthinking folks may say this sort of thing is 'not quite nice', but when you really consider it, one passage in the body is no different in essentials from any other: we're flesh and blood all over, aren't we? Even my boyfriend thought it was queer at first, but he was eager to try the experiment just the same; and when he saw how marvellously it brought me on, he soon lost his inhibitions about squirting up my nose.

I understand that 'nasal eroticism' is quite the done thing in some parts of the world; and I've actually seen sculptures – or pictures of them, anyway – showing men with their pricks up girls' nostrils. Of course, this simply isn't possible *(why not? Ed.)*, but it gives me a lovely feeling to think about it, and I'd certainly like to be fucked up the nose if it *were* possible. In fact there's no place I wouldn't like to be fucked, and there's certainly no place I haven't taken spunk.

Doris C., Wakefield.

A Bag of Nuts

Sir: I've read scores of tales about tradesmen being accosted by randy housewives, and until recently I'd always thought,

IN THIS MONTH'S

MEN ONLY

DANIEL FARSON
ON PARTNERS IN CRIME
DAVID ESSEX INTERVIEWED:
SHEDDING THE STARDUST
MOLLY PARKIN
AND HER FOOD OF LOVE
THE INS AND OUTS OF ORGASMS
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YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE

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Send this form to: The National Magazine Co. Ltd., 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Name……………………………………………………………………

Address…………………………………………………………………

(BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE)…………………………………………*CI*

sexiest material in the world, in my opinion.
Name and address withheld by request.

Close-Up
Sir: I think large, close-up pictures showing some specific feature of the female anatomy are highly erotic, and it's not even necessary to show obviously sexual parts. Photographs concentrating on the lips – slightly parted and moist – are enormously arousing, and studies of the hands, artfully and suggestively posed, with long, pointed fingernails, can also be vastly stimulating. May I suggest that you give us a close-up spot each month? Other anatomical goodies I'd like to see featured in this way include the nipples, navel, underarm hair and anus. I don't know of any mag that's running an idea like this, so you'd be breaking new ground – again!
James Southall, Whitby.

Standards
Sir: I admire you for maintaining your very high standards in the face of ever-increasing opposition from the smut peddlers. There are so many magazines around now, seemingly aimed at the 'quality' market judging by the cover blurbs, which contain nothing but trash and filth. I'm broadminded, I think – well I *must* be to read *Club International* and *Men Only* – but I do draw the line at filth presented without any attempt at subtlety or artistry.

I do so hope you will not be pressurised into trying to match these crude newcomers blow for foul blow. I feel sure that their noisome presence on our bookstalls is merely a passing phase. The contents of these horrible periodicals is about on a par with a porno novel in which every other word is 'fuck'; and even the dimmest moron can only get a very limited mileage out of that sort of crap. Lots of mags have come and gone during the last five years, but I'm sure those which, like yours, offer really thought-provoking articles, as well as unrivalled photography and models, have nothing to fear from the shitemongers.
Arnold Yates, Liverpool.
Thanks for the nice things you say. While taste is largely a subjective matter, we have to agree with you that some of the periodicals we have seen recently seem designed for a readership with no taste at all. Have no fear; Paul Raymond Publications will never lower its standards: at

continued on page 80

TENSE?

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ROSETTA

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IN PRAISE OF SMALLER MEN

continued from page 47

as a practised claustrophobic, who prefers untucked bedding in the service of a quick get-away, I would rather have some semblance of control over the physical situation.

If they are my preferred sleeping partners, small men are also my preferred waking partners. Like the smaller car-hire firms – they try harder. Not for them the sleepy, speechless, semi-conscious mounting. Women are not just to be enjoyed, they have to be *seen* to be enjoyed. My smaller lovers are, in general, not only more energetic and long-lasting – they also get half their buzz in making me sing. Half the large men I have known have a deep-down desire to be passive – 'tie me down, use me – ride me as your mount', they say, abandoning their great bulk to my female aggression. They may want to be beaten, humiliated, tied up or dressed as a girl, but the urge to be dominated by the woman is always there. Not that I'm totally averse to a little domination, don't enjoy mounting my man's flanks and whipping him to exhaustion with my hair till he comes helplessly and to my whim. But I prefer to achieve my moments of domination rather than to have them thrust upon me. I like to struggle, wrestle, battle for supremacy. Evenly matched against a smaller man it doesn't seem ridiculous; they don't have to give in, in order for me to win. In fact most small men I know are keener on dominating than on being dominated, and that suits me fine. Let them work their wicked way with me and if I put up a bit of a fight, it's only better to relish my submission when they win.

But my favourite lovers are in charge from the moment we exchange names till the time I find his toothbrush no longer on the bathroom shelf. Typically, he will choose when we make love, but not by leaping on me and sticking it in, more by insistant, probing fingers that seek out my erogenous zones till I am wet and willing and he is home and dry.

And so to cocks. Unlike hands and feet there is absolutely no guarantee that a small man will have a small cock. Masters and Johnson, amongst others, finally rumbled the phallic fallacy that skeletal measurements were any guide to penile size. The largest cock in their survey came on 5′ 7″ of man; the smallest on 5′ 11″ – so there. How common this ironic inversion is the researchers don't tell us, but I have noticed, given my personal predeliction for small feet, that these do frequently go in scale with the fifth limb. Masters and Johnson also confirmed that the smaller the cock the greater the change from flaccid to erect, so either way my little lover is a *bombe surprise*: whether revealed as the possessor of a giant tool, or a proportionate one with an inflationary capacity to rival the pound.

My preference is definitely for the latter. I love watching things grow – whether plants in the ground or a soufflé in the oven. From little seed to sunflower, from raw egg to delicious firm fluffiness – the greater the augmentation, the greater my satisfaction. To see a gentle, gracefully curved, relaxed comma of cock stir itself because of me – the touch of my fingers, the sound of my sexy words or the sight of my body – is an excitement in itself, before it even touches me. I had a French lover – little, lovely and with the slinkiest, rotating hips with which he ground into my yearning, yawning cunt – whose slim, dark brown cock more than doubled in length when roused. A difference of more than 9 centimetres has twice been recorded and I was often idly tempted – at times when it was not practical – to record him for posterity, sure in the belief that he would make a new and interesting addition to the *Guinness Book of Records.* Like a sleeping serpent it would cock its head at the sound of my husky voice – 'I want you inside me – probing deep between my wet, clinging lips, plunged into my belly and the choking recesses of my throat'. Not only its head, but the full, fantastic flag-pole stands rigid and upright on his brown body from its nest of crisp dark hair; the colour changed from dusky brown to purplish auburn. This lover had also the most adorable tight, high balls – bulwarks to his long, slim rapier. When limp I could purse the whole neat package in my hand; aroused, the two hands one on top the other scarcely served to encompass his length. A dangerous cock with a powerful whip on it when he was at full revs. Once or twice shuttling so vigorously, and me so wet and open, it slipped and lost its natural slot causing me to double up in pain as it pierced another unprepared opening.

His was a long cock, but slim, but his technique was an example of the special wonders that can be achieved with a smaller cock.

I wonder that men are so often preoccupied with penile size. Quality, style, technique seem so much more important than sheer quantity. The female cunt is both infinitely extensible and infinitely adaptable. It responds with engorgement and gripping muscles to the smallest organ properly played, as with elastic to a great blunderbuss. For a woman to express a preference for big cocks is like saying one can only enjoy food with a bloated stomach. The business end, where both sex and food are concerned, is at the entrance. It is the mouth, the lips, the nose, the tongue and the eye that are beguiled and titillated by great cuisine. Even so it is the aptly and poetically named *vestibullae* that savour, relish and respond to a well prepared and presented hot cock. The inner depths of the cunt have no nerve endings. Deep penetration by even a small cock can rock the womb as the cervix is driven back and forth, make the sensitive, erectile tissue at the mouth of the vagina expand to grip it tightly.

Perhaps I'm particularly small and tight, but I find that, fucked by an elephantine cock, I lose sensation in the *vestibullae* with too much distention, the juice, produced by the walls of the vagina, doesn't lubricate the opening, and because of this and the tight fit there are no lovely, liquid squelchy noises to help arouse me.

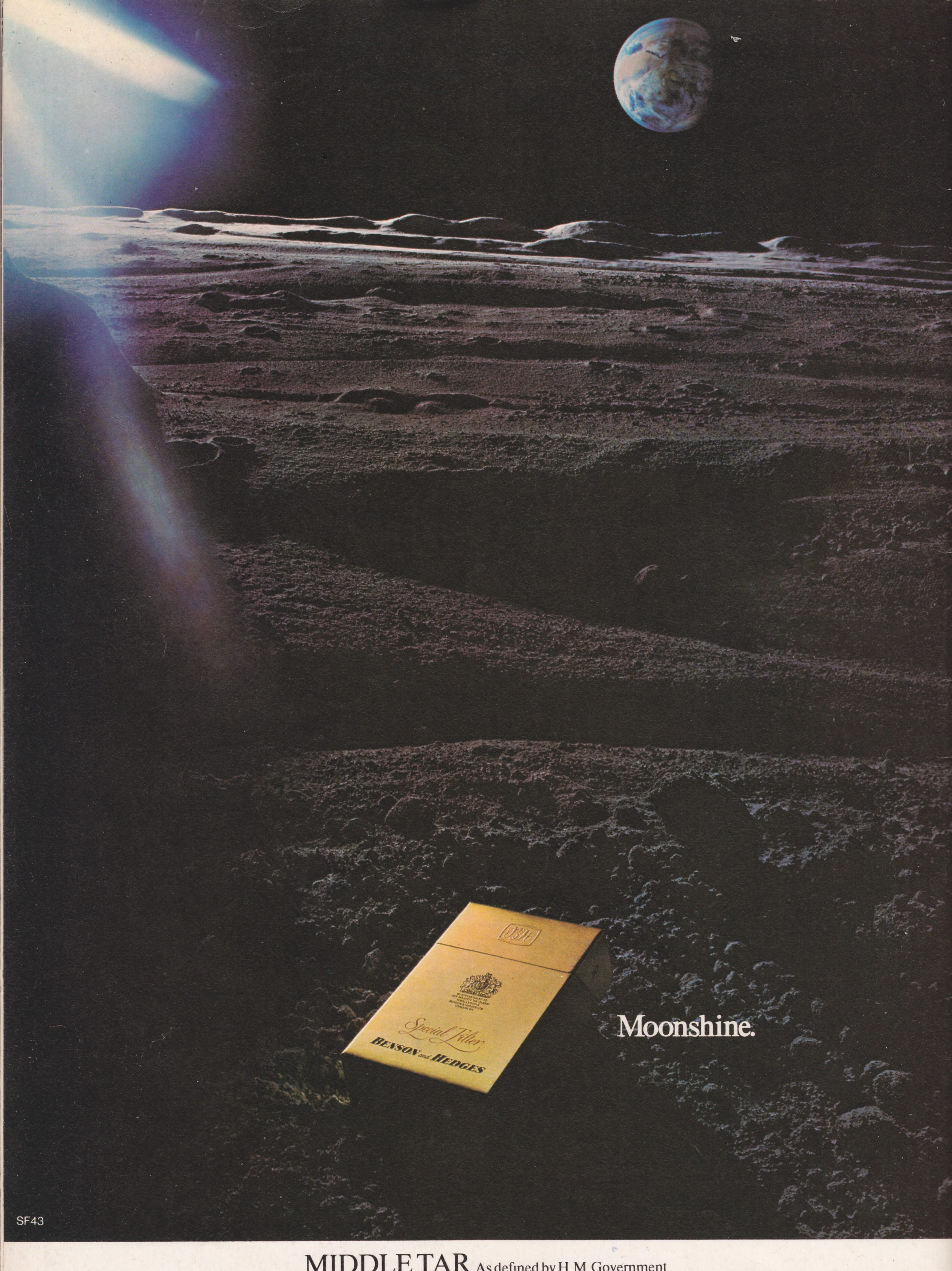
"Don't be shy, Ethel, come round here – he won't bite you . . ."

What's more, some enjoyable positions – my legs thrown over a man's shoulders, or doubled up on my chest – are positively painful, and make me feel as though he will drive a hole through the periteneum. I'm also very muscular; as with bodies, so usually with cunts, and when aroused I become so swollen, there is scarcely room to squeeze a finger in, until just this is done and the flood of juice, dammed up behind, can lubricate the way of the cock.

And then what sweet music can we make, if I am not distended literally beyond comfort: lovely sideways thrusts stimulate both sides at a different moment, trap air inside me so that as my excited chasm arches and tents ready to receive its bathing of sperm, deep, resonant noises, wet and slushy can be heard. A diagonal thrust from the front towards the back stimulates the anus gently by remote pressure and opens up the swollen lips to expose and tug on my erect, straining clitoris. From behind, the smaller cock delivers the most sweet torment, entering just within my hungry cunt-mouth, then slipping out and forward to nuzzle my tantalised clitoris.

I love to play hide and seek with the tip of my lover's teasing cock like this. Like the small man's personality, his cock is forceful and full of subtlety and ever, like him, about to escape. I squeeze and clamp my moist cunt, his hard, rounded glans pulls deliciously, then escapes to probe elsewhere, then it returns, and no amount of tight closing can keep his insistent weapon out as I can with a blunter, larger cock.

I love my smaller lovers, their personalities are intriguing, their bodies desirable, their cocks wealded with the expertise of fencers, and in addition, beside them I feel Junoesque and voluptuous. Large men make me feel different, little womanish, a child, but small men bring out the great earth mother in me. I feel rich and heavy like a swath of wheat in their arms. They sink into my body like prototypical man ploughing, sewing, reaping, raping the soil. I am one with reproductive nature. It doesn't matter that we are both small compared with everyone else; together we are part of the eternal poetry of fruitful sex. ☐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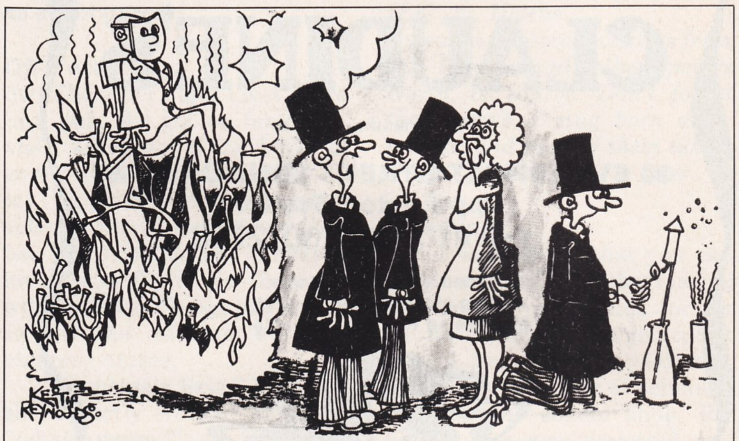
vulnerable in that position. 'Tits' opened a can of fizzy lemonade and poured it over my cock, pulling the foreskin to and fro as she did so. Then she knelt beside me and began to suck my cock as Jill continued to play with my balls.

I shouted in despairing ecstasy that I was about to come, and Jill implored me to shoot it over her incredible nipples. This I did, also letting loose a violent jet all over her face. I thrilled to see my steaming spunk on her tits and dribbling down her cheeks. By this time, 'Tits', whose clitoris was almost the size of Jill's nipples, fell on top of Jill with a loud grunt and licked my spunk from the gigantic teats. They both had orgasms by frigging each other, completely ignoring me once I'd shot my load. Since this episode, I've been very embarrassed working with these two girls, and I don't really fancy them at all. Do you think I ought to dismiss them from the shop, or should I resign?
T.P., Gloucester.
It would be unfair to dismiss the girls. You *were responsible for what happened since it was your sex-orientated comment that set the ball rolling.*

Foot Fetish
Sir: I have been buying your splendid magazine for several years, and I particularly enjoy the *Readers' Writes – please* don't let this fine feature shrink any more! It used to run to twice the length it gets allotted today, and my sexual awareness has been greatly increased by the diverse topics covered, especially in the fascinating field of deviation.

I am in my early 40s and have, for as long as I can recall, had a strong erotic feeling for the well-formed female foot. Unfortunately, society being what it is, repeated failures to realise my foot fantasies have led to a growing alienation and, against all logic, a growing sense of shame. I have never been an extrovert; at the same time I do not consider myself sexually inept or ill-informed on sexual matters. In the attempt to come to terms with my fetishism, my reading on the subject has been extensive, and as a result of this, I am very tolerant to all the manifold expressions of sexuality outside my own predilections.

Wilhelm Stekel's great work on fetishism has been a great comfort to me in understanding my condition. My highly developed sense of smell has been in large part a supportive factor in my delight in the female foot. To me, the odour of a clean, pretty foot is as arousing as that of the vaginal perfume of my love object. Alas, in the several warm relationships I have enjoyed over the years, none of my partners has shown any comprehension in relation to my condition, and compliance has invariably been reluctant. Is it so wrong for a man to want to kiss and suck the feet of the girl he adores? I think not; yet not one female, beyond a superficial tactile pleasure in the caress, has been able to reconcile herself to the idea that her feet and toes could really arouse intense passion – while readily accepting the apparently separate fact that her breasts, face, buttocks, genitals, lingerie, perfume, etc., could. Strange, is it not?



"Well, it is Guy Fawkes' Night and you did want him cremated!"

I would sincerely welcome the response of your female readership to this letter. You used to run a separate *Women's Lip* feature for such correspondence, but I guess you can fit replies into *Readers' Writes.* There surely can be no doubt that women are aware that their feet can be physically attractive (why paint toenails otherwise?); and the enormous investment in the footwear industry recognises and promotes the beautifying of the female foot – though I must say they surely picked a bummer with the ugly, ill-proportioned monstrosities currently in vogue.

I wish you every success with your fine publications.
R.H., British Columbia, Canada.

Space Utilisation
Sir: There is a good letter in Vol. 5, No. 5 from H.V.C. of Berks. He comments among other things on the utilisation of available space for more articles by your fine writers. I, too, think that your illustrations should *not* be spread over two pages, but for a different reason. The artwork displayed in your magazine (and *Men Only*) is just about the best their is, and some of it is even worth collecting for its own sake. But far too often it is split down the middle!

In Vol. 5, No. 4 (pages 52 and 53) there is a superb illustration by Brian Froud that is really worth mounting and framing, but, alas, once again it is split into two and spread over two pages.

Have you ever thought of commissioning some prints from the fine artists you use – especially Brian Froud? You could put them on offer to your readers in the same way as you do with some of your photographers' work.
M.A. Oliver, Isleworth.
P.S.: I don't expect to see this letter published as it is not of general interest, but I thought you might like to know that the superb quality of your artwork is really appreciated.

Ecstatic Screams
Sir: My husband likes me to jerk him off with my hands, also to give him oral treatment. He seems to enjoy this better than fucking, and I don't mind doing it because I'm not keen on being fucked every night of the week. The trouble is that when he's about to come off he shouts and screams like nobody's business. He really does kick up the most terrific racket, and I'm worried to death what the neighbours must think. We live in a semi, and the walls are ever so thin. The folks next door are an elderly couple, and they've started looking at me ever so queer. I reckon they think I whip my husband, or something kinky like that. Have you any suggestions?
Norma F., Leicester.
Try gagging your husband with your knickers; we feel sure he'll like it! ☐

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Readers' Write

continued from page 74

the same time, no-one can accuse us of being too conservative you'll no doubt agree!

Off-Putting

Sir: The other night I met a bird in a pub. We got on famously, and I asked her if she'd like to go for a drive in my new *Scimitar*. We parked in a nice quiet side-road and I went to work on her. I had her tits out in next to no time, and she did the same with my cock. Things had moved so fast that we'd not even exchanged names.

"My name's Eric," I said as she expertly worked my skin, "what's yours?"

"Gladys," came the reply, and in spite of myself I felt my erection lose quite a lot of its tension. I did manage to get off all right, and gave her a good time, too; but how much better it would all have been had her name been Barbara, Susan, Yvonne or Deborah – *anything* other than Gladys, in fact, with the exception of Agatha! Why is it that girls' names are so important lustwise?

Eric F., Derby.

A lot of it has to do with association; you've probably had duff experiences with previous 'Gladyses'. Actually, we don't think it's at all a bad name, but have to agree with you about 'Agatha', even though we keep telling ourselves that 'a rose by any other name would smell as sweet'. In view of your reasonably good experience with the new Gladys, we rather suspect you may now be feeling differently about that particular name; while if you happen to meet a flat-chested, spotty-faced Barbara, Susan, Yvonne or Deborah, don't be surprised to find one of those *names losing its magic for you. There's the question of euphony, too. A 'hard' G sound does tend to be unattractive to the English ear: Gladys, Agatha, Gertrude, Agnes all have that sound –* but so does Glynis. *Glynis Johns is a very attractive lady, however (think of that delicious voice!); which brings us back to where we started –* association.

London Rip-Off

Sir: What a bloody racket! I'm referring to the myth of London being a good place for sex. After watching the Rugby League Cup Final at Wembley, me and my mates went round Soho. The strip joints are vile and the prostitutes even worse. Those who advertise on cards in windows ought to be prosecuted under the Trades Descriptions Act. '42-25-36' – rubbish! More like 38-30-38, 50 years old and as ugly as sin. How do these old bags make a living? That's what I want to know.

H.K., St. Helens.

By putting it across visitors from St. Helens and other points North, of course. Don't forget that there's a mug born every minute, and most of them take a trip to London sooner or later.

Quandary

Sir: I wonder whether you can help me out of an embarrassing situation? I'm studying for my 'A' levels, and although still at school, I'm almost 19 years old. One of my sidelines at school is running the school shop. Recently, two new assistant servers came under my jurisdiction: a black-haired, homely sort of girl called Jill, and a very plump, voluptuous piece whom everyone refers to as 'Tits'.

After we'd closed the shop one particular dinnertime, I started browsing through my copy of *Club International*, and I commented out loud on the enormous size of the nipples on one of the featured models. To my great amazement, Jill said, "They're not as big as mine!" and she invited me to test the truth of her statement. I slipped one hand inside her blouse and found a gigantic teat sticking out like a loganberry.

'Tits' was giggling away, and she suddenly asked me if I'd like to put my hand up her skirt. Well, I was pretty randy by now, so I kept my one hand on Jill's fantastically nippled tit while I removed the plump girl's knickers with my other hand. I was astonished by the huge size and softness of her arse, also by the hairiness of her quim. She sat above me on a shelf and began frigging quite shamelessly. Then she asked me to suck her pussy, which I did as Jill took off her blouse and bra.

While I was sucking 'Tits', Jill removed my trousers and began playing with my cock and balls, also titillating my bottom. It was lovely the way she put her hand through my legs and grasped my balls. I felt very

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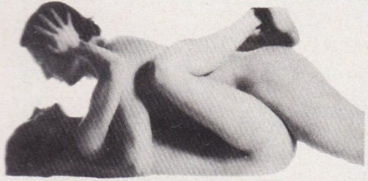

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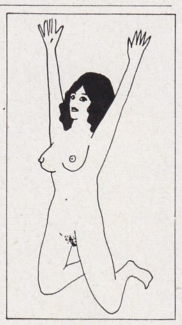

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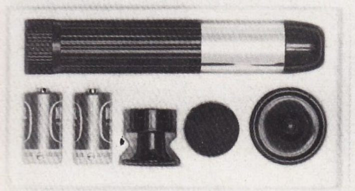

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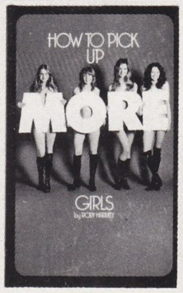

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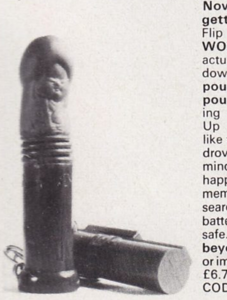

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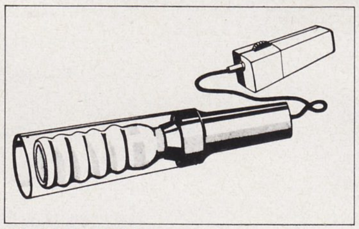

EXTASUCK

The ultimate sexual machine. It looks like a vibrator. It tingles. It expands and contracts. It moves up and down — gently . . . powerfully . . . silently. And then — at the **perfect** moment — it starts to suck. WHAT AN EXPERIENCE! Nothing like this has **ever** happened to you. Wild! **Beyond belief**. A masterpiece of modern science. One of the most magnificently engineered "tools" of all time. Totally silent. Perfect for office use — or for the person who travels. Now you can have the **ultimate sexual experience** whenever and wherever you want it. The gift idea of a lifetime.
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'TOUCH ME' SEX CREAM

Lovers call this the "dream cream" — because it makes sex truly fabulous, exciting, different.
Rub it on you — and notice her reaction. Almost like magic — **almost as if she is out of control** — you will find that she wants to lick . . . to suck . . . to blow . . . the areas that have been treated with **"Touch Me" Cream**. But there's more! Blow gently on the area — and notice the warm glow. Then lick it — and enjoy the delightfully delicious taste.

AND NOW YOU'RE READY FOR A LITTLE ADVENTURE!

Use **"Touch Me" Cream** on her. **Now it's your turn!** You'll feel irresistably drawn to her, to enjoy her taste. To lick . . . to do incredible things with your tongue. Try it on other areas of her body — **and begin to enjoy sex as never before**. See how it makes every night into a wild and totally new experience.

THE POSSIBILITIES ARE ENDLESS

Try **"Touch Me" Cream** — (It comes in fabulous Strawberry flavour). Throw a **"Touch Me"** party with your most intimate friends.
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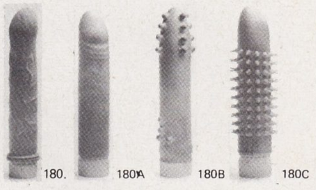
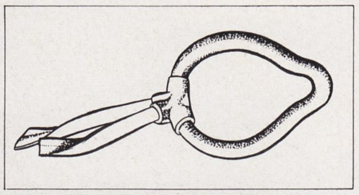
The New PHALLIC VIBRATORS



This powerful vibrator will tingle your nerves, vibrate every fibre of your body and lift you right up to the highest level of complete enjoyment and fulfilment. Use it alone or with your partner. You control its every move, every rhythmic thrust of concentrated stimulation. Undoubtedly the finest of them all. £6.15. (each), INC. VAT



DR. RICHARDS RING

After years of research . . . amazingly simple — and incredibly effective. Just slip it on — and get set for the **greatest sexual experience of all time.** (And you won't feel a thing, except for the warmth and wetness of the woman you're driving out of her mind!) Makes your erection last three . . . four . . . five times longer! **But more!** Many people report even **bigger** erections — and far more enjoyable sex — than ever before. Medically designed and approved. Will fit all sizes. Pressure can be adjusted to suit your special needs.
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ACTS OF LOVE

New Edition of the bestseller book with a new collection of photographs. This magnificent book is a step by step course which clearly illustrates through brilliant and detailed photographs the many and varied forms of physical love and sexual intercourse. There is a book that will teach you Advanced sexual techniques and positions to add pleasure and excitement to your sex life. Step by step practical instruction on how to achieve sexual fulfilment each and every time with your love partner and a lot more. £2.75. CODE 104.

The Superstud Pack

(So exciting, in fact, that our solicitors insist we can't show you a picture of it).

This amazing **new** product is called **'SUPERSTUD'** and it brings you the **ultimate in female sexual enjoyment.**
For the very first time, ANY WOMAN — AT ANY TIME of the day or night — can enjoy the same action — the same shape — **the same pulsating surge of power** that comes in THE ACT OF PASSION. In a thrilling penis shaped form **any woman can** enjoy a sensual **'inner massage'** that duplicates the joy of love making.

But there's much more!

'SUPERSTUD' is not merely another vibrator it duplicates the exact shape, texture and hardness of the male penis. Rubber foam coated to enhance enjoyment, **it surges, it pulsates** IT HAS THE FEELING OF POWER. In short it has the same up and down motion that you know and love. **It expands** and **contracts** it moves slowly and rapidly. IT PROVIDES A DEGREE OF SEXUAL ENJOYMENT THAT HAS NEVER BEEN POSSIBLE!

Consider the possibilities

In foreplay it's the perfect way to bring your lover to a **fever pitch of excitment** *it can be used as a sensory exercise, on virtually every part of the body. Battery operated.* **Totally Safe.** A FULL 7½'' LONG. **Made to provide you with years of** SENSUAL **pleasure.**

Buy several~

'SUPERSTUD' is unlike anything ever created. It's the perfect gift for someone you love . . .

hurry, the supply is limited

We urge you to send your order today. Our supply of **'SUPERSTUD'** is limited. Once the current supply is exhausted, it may be many months before we can fill orders. **THE PRICE.** THAT'S THE BEST NEWS OF ALL. You might expect to pay £15.00 . . . £25.00 . . . even £30.00 for a product of this quality. **BUT IF YOU ACT NOW! . . .** you can get **'SUPERSTUD'** for only **£6.80,** including VAT plus a small charge for shipping and handling. **AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT.** Mail your coupon off today.

Extra free bonus

Act now — and we will include as an absolutely free gift — a copy of the most adventurous sex manual ever published. **HOW A WOMAN LOVES TO BE LOVED** by Angel Smith. THERE'S NEVER BEEN A BOOK LIKE THIS. Fully illustrated. Packed with tips on every aspect of seduction and sex. It takes you on a tour of the inns and outs of **exquisite and unusual sex. THIS BOOK IS YOUR TO KEEP . . .** But hurry. Free books will be given only as long as the supply lasts. **Code 189**

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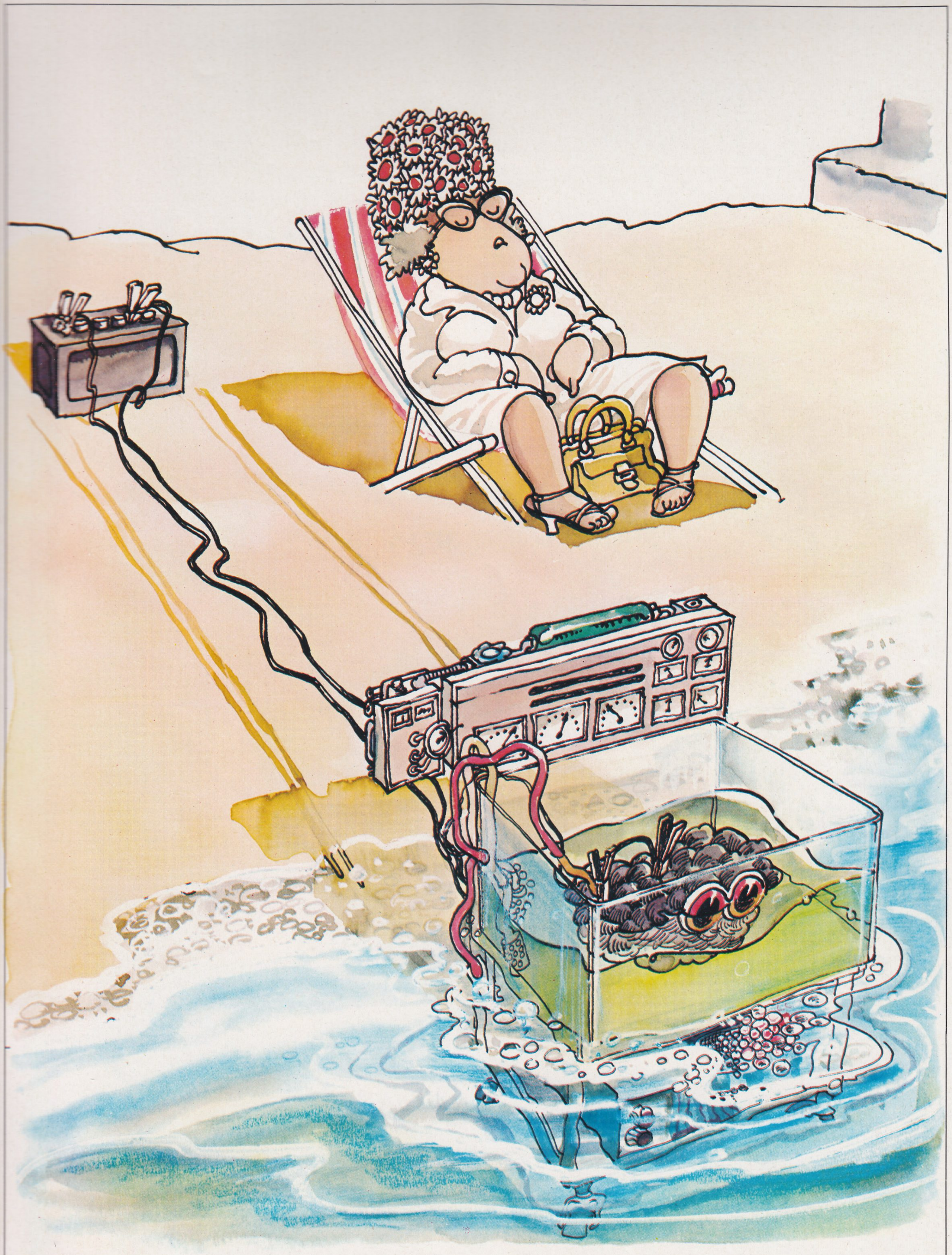

"Mother!!!"